

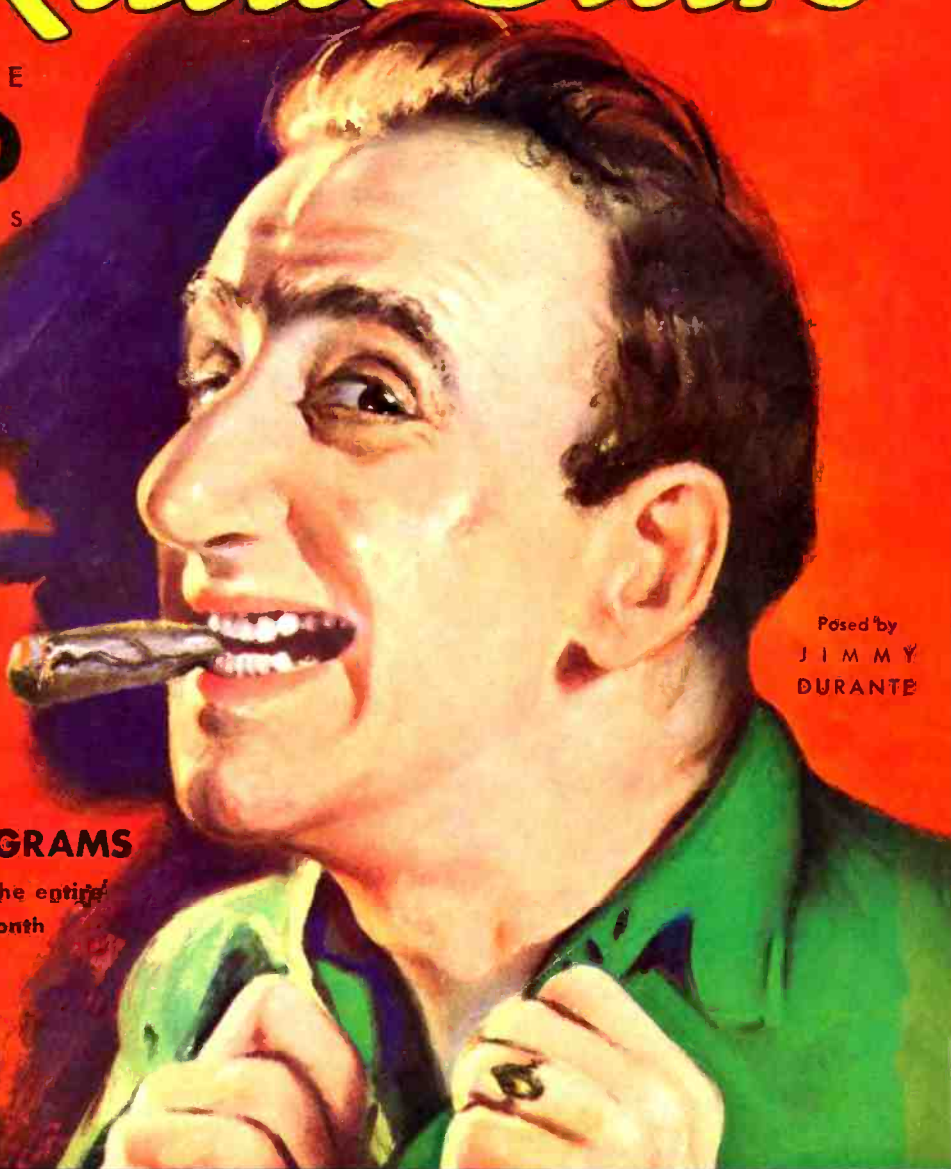
THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

JUNE

10

CENTS



Posed by
JIMMY
DURANTE

PROGRAMS

for the entire
month



JIMMY DURANTE FOR DICTATOR

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GEORGE BURNS
and
GRACIE ALLEN

win a new listener
—and get a tip on
real radio enjoyment

1 AT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE—
GEORGE THE
STRANGEST THING
HAPPENED TO ME
JUST NOW.

SOMEBODY TOLD
YOU HE ADMIRED
YOUR BRAINS,
I SUPPOSE.

2

OF COURSE NOT,
SILLY. HE SAID
HE COULDN'T
HEAR ME ON THE
RADIO, BECAUSE
I WILTED SO.

YOU WILTED?
NOW GRACIE, DON'T
TELL ME HE THINKS
YOU'RE A LITTLE
VIOLET. YOU FADED,
YOU MEAN.

3

FADED—WILTED ...
WILTED—FADED ...
WHAT'S THE DIF-
FERENCE? I THINK
THE MAN'S JUST
CRAZY, ANYWAY.

FOR ONCE, GRACIE,
YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S
CRAZY TO SAY THAT
YOUR VOICE FADES.
I'LL BET IT'S HIS
RADIO TUBES.

4 NEXT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE, I'M SO NER-
VOUS. I MAY WILT—FADE,
I MEAN—THE WAY THE
MAN SAID. OOOH,
LOOK ... HERE HE IS NOW.

PARDON ME, IS THIS THE BURNS AND
ALLEN REHEARSAL? I WANT TO
APOLOGIZE TO GRACIE FOR SAYING
HER VOICE FADED.

IT WASN'T YOUR VOICE—
IT WAS MY OLD TUBES.
I JUST GOT A WHOLE
NEW SET OF RCA
MICRO-SENSITIVE
RADIO TUBES.
NOW I HEAR
EVERYTHING.

OOH, GOODY—
NOW IT WON'T
SOUND AS IF I
FILT—WADE,
I MEAN.

**FOR BETTER RADIO TONE
—NEW TUBES BY RCA**

Now you can get more real pleasure out of radio! These new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes bring 5 great improvements to your set. To get this new radio thrill replace worn limping tubes with these amazing new ones—the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give you 5 great advances that mean new life for your set. Have your dealer test your tubes today—don't delay getting the real pleasure of radio.

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- 2 Quieter Operation
- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched



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- Dresses... Sweaters
- Scarves... Stockings... Slips
- Blouses... Children's Clothes... Men's Shirts
- Curtains... Bed Spreads
- Drapes... Luncheon Sets
- Dusties... Slip Covers

• Color Magic for Every Fabric •

EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again... or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

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Agfa Test for Hollywood

OFFICIAL RULES

See Advertisement
on Opposite Page

- Contest begins May 1 and ends September 15, 1934. Mail all snapshots to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, on time for their receipt not later than midnight September 15, 1934.
- Enter as many snapshots as you wish of the same person. Suggested poses: full-face; three-quarter view; profile; full-length.
- On back of each snapshot, print full name and address of person photographed (the entrant); also name and address of dealer from whom films are purchased.
- Include with each entry: Two Agfa roll film cartoons or one Agfa 10mm. cartoon or approximate hand-drawn facsimiles. An entry consists of one or more snapshots of the same person sent in at the same time.
- No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives.
- Semi-final selection of twenty-five entrants for regional screen tests will be made by Agfa Casting Director, who will notify each by telegram.
- Committee of Hollywood Directors and Stars will select five from the regional winners. These five will be given a free round-trip to Hollywood for final sound and screen tests.
- From these five the Judges will select the winner who will receive guaranteed movie contract.
- Twenty-five Anso Movie Cameras will be awarded for snapshots of outstanding photographic excellence—all subjects.
- Decisions of Judges are final.
- Winners agree to give Agfa Anso Corporation permission for the use of their pictures for publication purposes, if so requested.
- Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Agfa Anso Corporation, or members of their families.

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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

FEATURES

TROPHY ROOM	6
<i>Radio has its own museum It's in Ted Husung's office</i>	
DURANTE FOR DICTATOR.....	Joseph Kent 14
<i>Wotta ideal! Think what it would mean to have our own Jimmy in the White House</i>	
SINGING THROUGH LIFE TOGETHER.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher 16
<i>Gladys Swarthout married the man she hated</i>	
THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD.....	Frances Barr Matthews 22
<i>Believe-It-or-Not Ripley is radio's walking encyclopedia</i>	
NO MORE LOVE.....	Jean Pelletier 25
<i>Have you wondered why Gertrude Niesen hasn't married?</i>	
THEY LAUGH LAST.....	John Skinner 26
<i>Just try to put something over on the Marx Brothers</i>	
MUSIC BY GERSHWIN.....	Jack Jamison 32
<i>George Gershwin got those scars in street fights</i>	
GOOD SAMARITANS.....	Helen Hover 34
<i>Yes, the milk of human kindness does flow on Radio Row</i>	
BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS.....	Cecil B. Sturges 38
<i>A 9-year-old boy started WLW, the world's largest station</i>	
WHO PAYS THE BILLS?.....	Nanette Kutner 42
<i>'Not I,' says George Burns 'Not I,' says Gracie Allen. Then who?</i>	
THEY'RE ELIGIBLE.....	44
<i>Presenting four very good-looking lads and lassies</i>	
THEY WIN!.....	48
<i>Your votes acclaim these stars America's most popular</i>	
RADIO'S FATHER CONFESSOR.....	Lester Gottlieb 50
<i>Artists have a habit of taking their troubles to George Hall</i>	
DON'T FORGET TO PLAY.....	Mary Jacobs 51
<i>Phil Dwyer knows—he nearly lost love by neglecting it</i>	
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SINGIN' SAM?.....	Bland Mulholland 55
<i>He's in New York right now planning something for you</i>	
FROM INVALID'S BED TO BROADWAY.....	Dena Reed 63
<i>That's the trail Walter O'Keefe followed to success</i>	

DEPARTMENTS

BOARD OF REVIEW.....	18
RADIO STARS' AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE.....	36
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.....	52
GADDING ABOUT WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA.....	56
THE BAND BOX.....	Wilson Brown 60
WE'LL TELL THE WORLD.....	62
FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR.....	Mrs. Alice Paige Munroe 64
IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL.....	Caralyn Belmont 65
PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY.....	66
ALSO: RADIO STARS Magazine Gives Its First Party, 19; Chattergraphs, 28	

COVER DESIGN BY MARLAND STONE

Would you like to know an excellent summertime substitute for powder? See the next issue.

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Your chance for HOLLYWOOD

You?

Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

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6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. A **GUARANTEED** contract in the movies.
2. Five Hollywood tours; all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.
3. Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.
4. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras for photo excellence—all subjects.
5. Your snapshot made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.
6. Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.

Winner of "Agfa Test for Hollywood" will receive *guaranteed* movie contract in feature picture with famous stars in Monogram Pictures. Win publicity, fame and a chance for Stardom. Other amazing awards: Hollywood Tours—Regional Screen Tests—Movie Cameras—Personal Casting Reports!

Clear prints are wanted. Use Agfa Film for your snapshots. Accurate light and shade are necessary. Agfa Film "catches personality." Insure good pictures with Agfa Plenachrome, the high-speed, "all-weather" film. Agfa, America's finest film, is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Send in your snapshots immediately. Everyone wins casting report.

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Go to your film dealer today. Get free copy of official rules or see opposite page of this issue. For better pictures use Agfa Film—Comes in all popular sizes. Have snapshots taken and mail them at once to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

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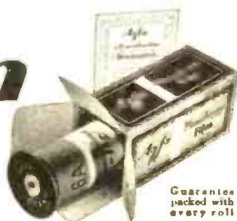
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Guaranteed
jacked with
every roll

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MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED



**FOR THE
HIGHEST DEGREE OF
THROAT COMFORT**

Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually is cooler—your throat never gets dry. And KOOLS are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor. Last—not least—you get a **FREE** coupon per pack. Save them for gilt-edged initial Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other nationally-advertised premiums, too. (Offer good in U. S. A. only).

Send for illustrated premium list



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



Ted Husing, CBS announcer, sports commentator and master of ceremonies, in his New York office.

TROPHY ROOM

Ted Husing's office in the Columbia Broadcasting building is a museum of curios

A CERTAIN eight-by-nine inside office on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia building at Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street, New York, is appraised at a cool million by its present incumbent—Ted Husing, sports announcer.

The walls of this hideaway are covered with framed autographed photos and drawings, a few striking sports posters, one Christmas card, size two by four feet, and a couple of square yards of art burlap onto which are pinned as many medals as can be attached thereto.

The floor space is occupied by a three-drawer metal filing case, Ted's desk and a chair, a bookcase, a big red leather club chair for distinguished visitors, and a small straight one for stenographers. On top of filing case, desk, and bookcase are microphones—plain, fancy and trick. Ted invents them and experiments with different types. Mike's are the tools of his trade, and the toys of

his leisure moments—if he ever has any.

Most of the time this little box of an office is locked and dark for Ted's job keeps him away from home base hours and days at a stretch.

Every one of those pictures and drawings holds a story and intimate association for Ted, and they are what shoot his office to such a high appraisement value.

Helen Morgan's impish face laughs down at you twice because she's been Ted's favorite actress since way back in '24 when she played "Sweet Adeline."

Of course Bing Crosby would be there. They've been pals for the past five years, going out to the coast together with the Old Gold outfit, Bing stayed to make "King of Jazz" with Paul Whiteman. At that time Bing was just one of the Rhythm Boys and they both were members of "The Fleas," a Whiteman organization. And when you're brother

Fleas—but what's behind that isn't printable.

On the wall you see Paul Whiteman before and—after the exotic little Margaret Livingston took him in hand. With Ted this big boy is tophole at any size.

Tarzan is there but not with his tiger skin. Johnny Weismuller is with Bobbe Arust, his first wife.

And Jimmy Dunn! "To Pop," he's autographed his photo. Pop is Ted! Jimmy always stops off with the Husings when he hits New York and being Irish he just naturally gets into scraps. Ted gets him out and that's how he got his nickname. And just like a Pop, Ted thinks this actor the young cock of the walk. Even ran out to Hollywood last January to see him.

You have heard how America's Sweetheart fainted the first time she went on the air. Well, as ever Ted was on the opportune spot, caught her in his arms, camera snapped, and Ted was rewarded. But Mary Pickford, never keen about having pictures of herself floating around, traded him a really good one for it. Ted being a gentleman had to give in, but it was like pulling teeth to get that prize snapshot away from him.

Dempsey is on the wall, and Tony Canzoneri. Dempsey has felt Ted's pummeling plenty, used to knock the ex-champ around the gym just for practice, says Ted. Tony, the former hairy chested, light-weight world champ is there in full glory. When Ted's fighting instincts get too much to handle he hops up to Tony's training camp and Tony retaliates by doing the night clubs with him when he's in New York.

That glamorous blonde gal next to Babe Ruth, caused Ted to lose plenty sleep—a whole good night's sleep. But he got her picture "with love from Jean." You've guessed it. It's Jean Harlow. She was doing a personal appearance in Toronto and her partner in the act took French leave, but Ted turned up and put it over. He'd heard of Jean's jam, hopped on a northbound train, sat up all night and learned the script cold. Jean—and Husung—went over big.

When Lucile LaSueur, chorus girl of the Club Richmond, turned into Joan Crawford and the biggest box office draw on Broadway she didn't forget Ted. He has her photo to prove it. Hotcha June Knight and the first Queen of Radio, Bernadine Hayes, are also there.

A head of Knute Rockne—the boy that taught Ted what it was all about—appears in a little drawing with Ted's head. There's a goat and a mule, too. Somebody sketched them all during the Army-Navy game in



*Swing into style—
with*

GRIFFIN ALLWITE for All white shoes

It cleans as it whitens . . . and gives a "new shoe" finish. That's the difference, that's the delight of GRIFFIN ALLWITE.

It won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery, or give a chalky artificial look to your shoes. And just think, you can use it on all your white shoes, leather or fabric, including the new Mandrucca.

GRIFFIN ALLWITE is now available for as little as 10c . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
410 WILLOUGHBY AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



RADIO STARS



The Brides of five generations ago... like



today's Brides... prized fine needlework,



stitched with smooth, even, elastic threads,



Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. The spool-



end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY... AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

December, 1930. Another drawing "Husing by Flagg," proves the fast moving sports announcer actually stayed still long enough for Montgomery Flagg to get it. He endured the torture of sitting quiet for an hour because Flagg was a good friend.

Sports people? Yes, there are more. Besides Dempsey and Cannoneri, Eleanor Holm, world's Olympic backstroke swimming champ is there. And a caricature of Ted Husing, drawn by Will Gould, sports cartoonist and lots more of the same Husing, different or as others see him. When Ham Fisher the guy who created Joe Palooka needed new ideas for a comic strip he did a take-off of Ted. It appeared in the funnies a few days later and Ted unabashed hung them on his wall. The

whole Army football team of 1930 is hanging up, and the captain, C. M. Rosendahl, Commander of the Shenandoah, who never had a crack-up in all his years of flying until that fatal trip of the big dirigible.

That swell big poster, Christmas card, rather, that takes up a couple of feet one way and twice as much the other way, is a woodcut by Edwin Carl Harling.

You never want to leave that office if you've had the good luck to slip in when the door was unlocked, but you'll make a quick exit whoever you are. Ted is always direct and never minces words—"Listen, you," sez he, "I'm busy or gotta be busy—no, you can't wait and copy any of the autographs—sorry—SCRAM."

Notes From Our Memo Pad

LYNN-EARED listeners-in have been writing to inquire about the sudden departure from the ether waves of a popular CBS announcer, red-headed, blue-eyed Don Ball. You'll remember he used to say: "Your Town Crier—Alexander Woolcott," after ringing a big brass bell a couple of times. He also announced the Voice of Experience and Edwin C. Hill's programs of news comment. Well, here's the answer. Don has been promoted to an executive job. He is now Columbia's Assistant Manager in Charge of Productions.

WHEN Vivien Ruth of the Happy Bakers' program at CBS moved into a New York apartment recently, she missed, more than anything else, the pets she left behind in Passaic, New Jersey. But she's solved the problem by buying a gorgeous new pet. It is a beautiful pure white kitten with pink eyes and an adorable pink mouth. Its fur is fully three inches long and its name, because of an undeniable facial resemblance, is "Alexander Woolcott." The pet is fully housebroken—never gives a bit of trouble. It's stuffed.

FOR the record: Freeman H. Tallot, director of KOA in Denver, is the father of a new daughter, Janet Folliard. Congrats!

DR. JOHN R. BRINKLEY, whose license to operate XER at Villa Aetna was cancelled by the Mexican government, is now at work dismantling the station. The cancellation followed charges that the doctor had violated communications and health board laws with his medical talks. That, you'll remember, is the reason he was run out of Kansas. But Dr. Brinkley is a man not to be defeated. In an exclusive story to RADIO STARS last year he stated that he'd build his station on a raft in the ocean if necessary. And we wouldn't be a bit surprised if he did just that.

IF you should tune in NBC's red-WEAF network from 3 to 4 p.m. EDT on May 18th or Fridays thereafter and hear the

Maxwell House Show Boat, don't think your set has gone hay-wire. The truth is, it's sponsor is putting on a matinee performance—the first time that's been done in radio. Captain Henry, Lanay Ross, Annette Hanshaw and the rest of the gang will be on hand. In fact the only difference between this matinee and the regular Thursday night performance will be the fact that Certo is the product to be advertised in the afternoon while coffee will hold the night plugs.

A GIRL by the name of Peggy Garcia is suing a man by the name of Dave Rubinoff on a charge known as breach of promise for a sum said to be \$100,000. Dave says it's a frame-up.

RECOMMENDED: The new CBS baritone, Bill Huggins, now holding forth Mondays at 4 p. m. and Fridays at 2 p. m. EST. He's a new find sent to the network by WJSV in Washington and he's plenty good.

HERE and there among the music makers: Bob Crosby, singer with Anson Weeks, is Bing's brother... Baby Rose Marie's new pianist, Jack Carroll, formerly served in the same capacity for Sophie Tucker... You can address him as "Professor" Jack Denny now that the New York Schools of Music have conferred this honorary title on the maestro and offered him a teaching post in their institute. They want him to instruct embryo band leaders in the technical phases of baton wielding... Two new songs by Johnny Green, composer of such hits as "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Body and Soul," are "Easy Come, Easy Go" and "Reunion in Spring." Edward Heyman did the lyrics, and the title for "Easy Come, Easy Go" was suggested by Announcer David Ross.

EDWARD A. GUEST, poet of long standing in the press and more recently of the air, is married and has two children, Edgar, Jr., aged 21, and Janet, aged 11.

RUBINOFF and an NBC page boy came to blows the other Sunday night just before a Chase and Sanborn program in Radio City. It seems that ole Massa Rubinooff tried to get a bunch of his family and friends into the broadcast without proper tickets. The page boy, loyal to his strict orders, said he was sorry but it wasn't permitted. Rubinooff, because he happened to be working on that program, thought there should be an exception to the rule. Words followed. Then blows. The conclusion to this little tale is that Rubinooff didn't get a shiner and the page boy lost his job.

RADIO ROW is mourning the passing of Gene Rodenrich, leader of the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round orchestra. His death came rather suddenly and was a shock to his many friends in the profession.

AFTER a vacation of nearly three months, Lee Wiley, the Oklahoma songster, is back on the air. For three years in a row she was a feature of the Pond's program. Now she's a feature of the Krai; Phoenix program along with Paul Whiteman and his entertainers. Three years with one sponsor, if you didn't know, is something of a record for a girl singer.

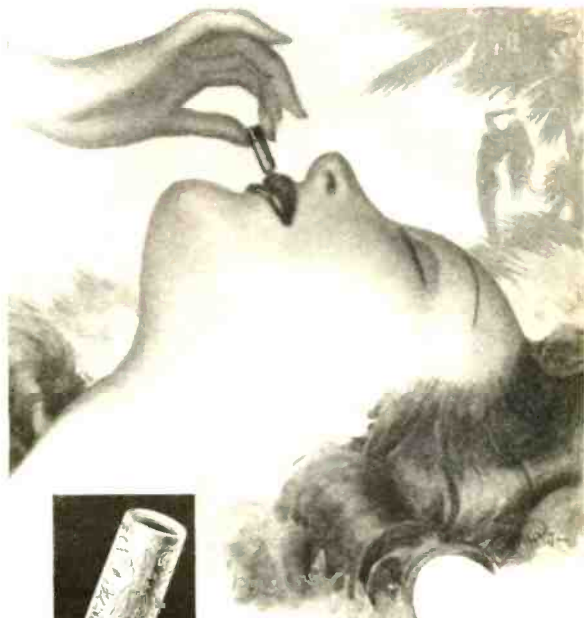
HOW long does it take to write a musical composition? Charles Runtan, NBC organist, wrote "Darkness," one of his most successful orchestral numbers, in half an hour—but took six months to write "Klip-ody for Saxophone" which requires less than ten minutes to play.



Ruth Etting has one of the biggest of Columbia networks—thanks to Oldsmobile's wise judgement.

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excitement for lovely lips



TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . savagely!

**LARGE
SIZE**

Savage
in square silver case may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

\$2



Select Your Color by Test

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold. Savage, Chicago.

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES

This is the
MODERN WAY
to
prevent odor



HERE is the new easy-to-use deodorant. Instantly it gives protection for the day! Never before has the problem of perspiration odor been so neatly and effectively solved.

Just hold Perstik like a lipstick—and apply. Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself. No wonder the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women hail Perstik as the perfect way to under-arm freshness.

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

The wives of thousands of American physicians prefer Perstik because it cannot irritate the skin, even after shaving. Nor can it injure fabrics. Use it the first thing in the morning, and slip right into your dress.

Say goodbye forever to the fear of abhorrent body odor. The daily use of Perstik keeps you sure of yourself at all times.

In buying Perstik, be certain to see *Perstik*, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast. Perstik, 409 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Perstik
THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT



Peter Dixon always consults with the kiddies when he writes the "Bobby Benson" and "Sunny Jim" sketches for CBS.

Let's Gossip About Our Favorites

FRANK PARKER, romantic and eligible tenor of the Cities Service, A. & P., and General Tire programs at NBC, is having his troubles. Right now he's faced with a \$60,000 heart balm suit.

A person by the name of Ann Green Christy, stage star of the Webber and Fields, days is living with her husband, Louis G. Christy, simply "because she has no other place to go," according to an affidavit filed by Christy in Supreme Court. He and Ann according to Christy were married in 1921, and lived happily until 1924, when they met Parker. Ann lived with Parker as his wife until the following year, her husband claims, and then came home again. The Christys remained together until July, 1931, when Parker dropped in on them again. Before he knew it, Christy avers, Ann walked out again.

Then Christy is reported to have told the court: "She is still madly infatuated and in love with the defendant, whose picture is constantly around her room. She listens to him daily on the radio, never missing a program, and has ceased, talked and refused to act as my wife. She openly avows that she no longer possesses any love or affection for me. She remains in my home as a house-keeper and as a matter of convenience."

We may expect that Parker will file a general denial.

THE announcer on the big new Sal Hepatica-Ipona program of which that serious-faced funny fellow, Fred Allen, is master of ceremonies, is Edmund M. (Tiny) Ruffner, genial talker of the Showboat program.

IF your set is one of those that can get Europe, don't be surprised to hear British announcers say, "It is exactly 16 o'clock." For regardless of what your school teacher taught you, when the announcer says 16 o'clock he means 16 o'clock. Or 24 o'clock, as the case might be.

It's all due to the fact that the British Broadcasting Corporation is now using the 24-hour clock system. The system, it is pointed out, has the advantage of avoiding confusion between a. m. and p. m. and is considered particularly applicable to broadcasting. Under the system, 1 p. m. is 13 o'clock, 2 p. m. is 14 o'clock and so on up to 24 o'clock which is midnight.

LANNY ROSS is in Hollywood acting in "Grease Paint" with W. C. Fields. His first movie "Melody in Spring," is now making the rounds of American theatres.

FOR nine years, since her start with the first dramatic stock company to go on the air from station WGY, Schenectady, N. Y., Rosaline Greene, NBC actress, has been receiving letters from a listener, a chronic invalid, who never misses a broadcast in which Miss Greene appears, and never fails to tell her how her voice pleases him.

SO you won't hurl bookends at the radio when it plays "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" forty odd times a night, John Royal, NBC's vice-president in charge of programs, has issued an order forbidding more than one playing of a popular song a night over his networks between six and eleven p. m. The first show to apply for permission to do a song will be the first served.

THE combination cigar and news stand in the lobby of the Columbia building in New York has gone literary in a big way. The reasons are three books by CBS artists: Edwin C. Hill's "The Human Side of the News;" Alexander Woolcott's "While Rome Burns" and David Ross' "Poet's Gold"—all of them big sellers with other artist- and broadcast visitors.

IF you've heard the rumor that one of the Mills Brothers is dead, forget it. It's not so.

THE moon is higher than love, and you can take the word of Will Donaldson, arranger for the Men About Town trio. In a survey of fan mail received on their thrice-a-week Happy Baker program, the song cycles featuring the moon rated 1103 letters against 742 for love songs. Who's moony now?

ENOUGH water to supply the daily wants of more than 6,600 average families will be used each day to cool the giant 100-kilowatt tubes to be installed in the new mammoth 500,000 watt transmitter plant now under construction for the Crosley Radio Corporation station WLW in Cincinnati. One million gallons of water will circulate daily through this cooling system.

ALTHOUGH Agnes Moorehead, NBC actress, was a mini-ter's daughter, she started her career as a dancer with the Municipal Opera in St. Louis.

ON the air and stage, Olsen and Johnson are inseparable. But almost every night Ole Olsen turns up at some prominent night spot minus Chic Johnson. An investigation revealed that Johnson was retiring early so that he could get up at dawn to build a new chicken house for the one hundred hens and roosters on his farm near Libertyville, North Shore suburb of Chicago.



Fred Allen gets intimate with the mike on his "Hour of Smiles" program.

Equals \$1 to \$3
Brands in Quality



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Nathaniel Shilkret in action on an "Evening in Paris" program over CBS. Shilkret is just about the busiest maestro in radio with the Palmolive, Smith Brothers and Hall of Fame shows to direct each week.

With the Bandmen

● Clyde McCoy, the "Sugar Blues" trumpeter and orchestra leader, after nearly ten years on the air, has decided to find out what radio is like from the arranger. He just bought his first radio!

● Biographyette: Leon Belasco was christened Leonid Seminovich Berladsky in Odessa, Russia, about twenty-nine years ago. And Leonid Seminovich Berladsky he remained until Morton Downey told him that it sounded in English like some epidemic. It has been Leon Belasco to everybody since.

● If I Had a Million... What would you do with one million snackers? Here's what some of the baton swingers would do.

Howard Barlow would organize a symphony orchestra of his own with which he would experiment. Freddie Kich would invest part of his million in a trust fund to secure financial independence for the rest of his life and use the rest to found an organization for the betterment of American composers and their work. Little Jack Little would purchase a ranch in Arizona and invest the rest as wisely as possible. Guy Lombardo, without hesitation, tells us he would utilize the money in building speedboats and fast sailing craft so that he could become another Gar Wood and America's Cup

Defender combined. Fred Waring, after he had established an annuity of substantial value for himself, would like to contribute to the development of music and singing in American colleges. George Hall says that he would satisfy two life ambitions—one to have all the best things in life and the other to finance a symphony orchestra which he would conduct in light opera and other worth-while music for the masses. Frank Black says, "I'd be a pianist, or an arranger. I believe I could do it all over again." There you are. Let's wait until they've amassed their millions and check up on 'em.

● Hodge-podge: Will Donaldson, arranger for the Men About Town, is making thirty-three arrangements a week, a new high in vocal work... Victor Young has the largest collection of hotel menus in radio. The reason is that he often writes down a strain of music on the back of one and takes it home for a song... Big Freddy Miller, the CBS baritone, tells a story on Dave Rubinoff about the time Dave was a fiddler in a band Freddy conducted. When Dave stepped out for a minute, the band boys put limburger cheese in Rubinoff's fiddle just before a solo. Rubinoff sold the fiddle for \$5.

● Meet Bobby Jones, first trumpet player with the Casa Loma Orchestra of

CBS fame. No, Bobby Jones, the golfer, hasn't turned musical. This is Bobby Jones "Not the Golf Player." And that's the way they have to introduce him to avoid confusion.

- When Fred Waring left his job in a bakery at Tyrone, Pa. (Pop. 9,000), a little over a decade ago to take the road with his nomadic orchestra, the home folks thought he was headed straight for a psychopathic ward. On his return recently from his midwest vaudeville excursion, he stopped for a day at Tyrone. Fred was bringing his bride, Evalyn Nair, home to present her to his mother and father. The town gave them a walloping charivari—a parade lasting nearly three hours, with twelve bands and nine bugle corps participating. In the evening, Fred and Tom and Poley McClintock, all Tyrone boys, and the rest of the Old Gold troupe, played for a dance at the Reliance Shirt Factory hall attended by 6,500 persons. (Fred, where were the other 2,500?)

- With WBBM, Chicago, and KFAB, Lincoln, Nebraska, synchronized after 10 p. m., Columbia found it necessary to improve its late dance programs. WBBM lured Harry Sosnik and the Edgewater Beach orchestra line from NBC. NBC's feeling toward Sosnik had been cold ever since last September when the Swift Revue for which Sosnik provides the orchestra music went to CBS, reportedly because NBC couldn't clear stations quickly enough to suit the sponsors. CBS' attempt to attract some of WGN's (independent stations) bands—Wayne King, Jan Garber, Hal Kemp, Charlie Agney, Earl Burnett and Richard Cole—has failed. Other Chicago CBS orchestras are Ace Brigolle, Henry Busse, Art Kahn.



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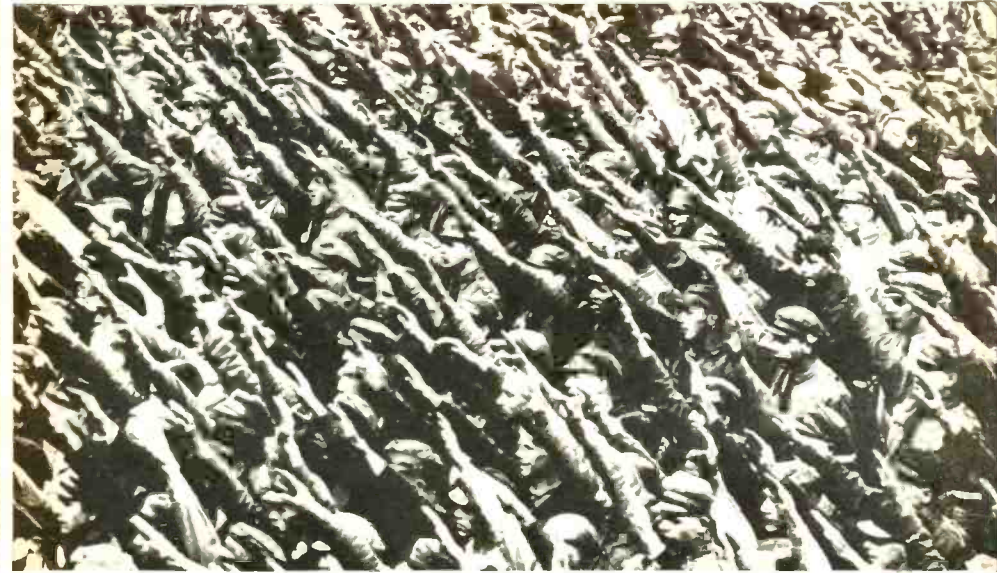
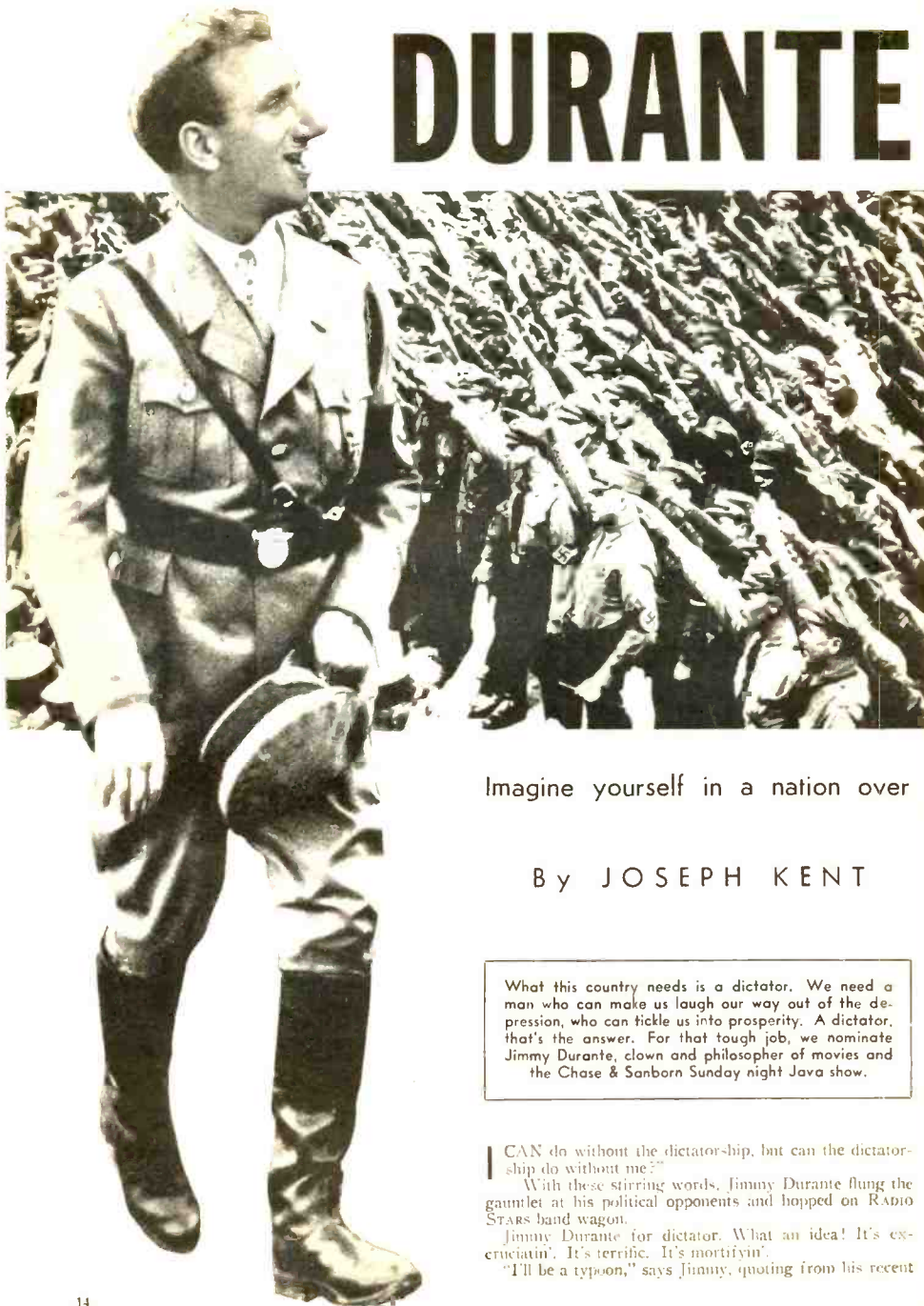
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The dapper Eddie Duchin makes music for the Central Park Casino and Pepsodent's face powder show over NBC.



DURANTE FOR DICTATOR!



Imagine yourself in a nation over

By JOSEPH KENT

What this country needs is a dictator. We need a man who can make us laugh our way out of the depression, who can tickle us into prosperity. A dictator, that's the answer. For that tough job, we nominate Jimmy Durante, clown and philosopher of movies and the Chase & Sanborn Sunday night Java show.

"CAN do without the dictatorship, but can the dictatorship do without me?"

With these stirring words, Jimmy Durante flung the gauntlet at his political opponents and hopped on RADIO STARS band wagon.

Jimmy Durante for dictator. What an idea! It's excruciatin'. It's terrific. It's mortifyin'.

"I'll be a typhoon," says Jimmy, quoting from his recent

which Jimmy Durante was sole ruler. It's terrific! It's colossal!

flicker. "I got the world by the elbow. You know my reputation for disintegrity, you know my unbroken record of defeat. You know me—me wit' my sharp chiselin' features. Am I the perfect dictator! Look at me. Ahhhhh!"

Jimmy vibrated, his schnozzola raised wantonly, his gimlet eyes challenged you with demonic hilarity.

It's in the bag, Jimmy's practically dictator now. What a program he's dictated for these United States! Take a look at him. In Hollywood, for example. There's a big party on. Everybody's in bib and tucker. It's a great affair. Jimmy's invited. As a host, you can't get along without him, but you hold your breath and keep an eye on your furniture while he's there.

What's furniture to Jimmy, our dictator-to-be? It's much more important to be happy, and Jimmy's happiest when he's breaking up furniture or tearing down draperies.

Till Jimmy arrives, everything's pretty dull. Then he bursts in. He throws his hat into the punch bowl, or grinds it beneath his relentless heel on the threshold. People start laughing at the very sight of this man's satyr-like face. You don't coax him to entertain—he's at the piano before you have a chance. He never sings a song through to the end—and if he does, you don't know it's over. You haven't time to think about that. In a moment, Jimmy's up from the piano stool, pulling a raucous gag on some gal who's leaning over the piano

giving the song her okay. Likely as not, Jimmy will borrow her pearls and distribute the necklace, pearl by pearl, among the guests. All the while a mad, nonsensical, chatter tumbles from his lips in that hoarse, strained voice frequently raised to an abandoned shriek to be heard above the roars of laughter and yells of encouragement.

He attacks the piano again and pounds out a song. Maybe it's "Jimmy the well-dressed man" or something equally absurd he makes up on the spur of the moment to tie up with a guest's random remark. And now the real fun begins. Jimmy leaps from the piano again—heads for a picture to straighten it and lands on top of it on the floor as the hook pulls from the moulding. That's good, too. And if you wait around—which you surely will—you're apt to see him tackle the draperies for a swooning gag. That's the end of the drapes.

What a dictator. Everybody's hilarious—except the host. Think what Jimmy will do with those boys in Washington, D. C. We Americans don't like coups d'etat. They're mortifying. If we get Durante we won't need one. When he gets up on the platform during a congressional session he'll have those boys rolling in the aisles. And if he keeps it up, they'll roll right out the door.

And as for the opposition, a pox on them. We'd like to see the champion filibuster out-filibuster Durante. It can't be done.

(Continued on page 85)

SINGING THROUGH

By PEGGY WELLS



(Top) The pretty singer of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre program (Tuesdays on NBC at 10:00 p. m. EDST) and her singing husband. (Right) She is such a lovely lady. No wonder her life (and her husband) is filled with song and music. Gladys is in costume as "Natalie" in the production of the "Merry Widow."



ANOTHER Spring had come to Florence. Once again the coppery green Arno flowed slowly beneath a warm sun. The flower women at the Ponte Vecchio and the Ponte Trinita smiled as they arranged their fragrant wares. The cabbies pushed their stove pipe hats further back on their heads and flicked betasseled whips at reluctant horses.

In one of the old barouches rolling along the Lungarno rode Gladys Swarthout, the promising young mezzo soprano, and her sister, Roma. And the eyes of the pedestrians strolling along that famed river turned most often and lingered longest on their carriage, for both women, with their swift, animated American talk, were very young and very lovely.

"You must," Roma told her sister, "you simply must meet the Chapmans. They're delightful. He's been studying with Mugnone. He has a magnificent baritone, and

LIFE TOGETHER

Cladys Swarthout said Frank Chapman was affected, conceited, intolerant



Tigers nor nothin' could scare these two musicians who have found ultimate joy and happiness in each other. They play together, work together, sing together—for them the future shall be all too short a time.

he's terribly amusing and popular. Everyone likes him.

"They have the Villa Compora. They have Giotto frescoes on their walls, my dear, and Frank positively insists that at night the ghost of an old monk prowls about swinging a censer."

Roma, you see, was married to the American Vice Consul and living in Florence. Gladys was visiting her. "Has Mr. Chapman actually seen this ghost?" Gladys asked, twirling her parasol. "If so, indeed I must meet him—and ask him one hundred questions!"

"Well no," Roma granted, "Frank's never seen the ghost as I understand it, but on damp nights he's smelled the incense."

"However, it's not because Frank Chapman lives with a ghost that I want you to meet him, Gladys. It's for himself, he's quite colorful. During the war he served with the Eleventh Marines. He was in the publishing business, too, I believe, but he gave it up because he's a born musician, and he knew he'd never be happy doing anything that wasn't musical."

"You'll love him, my dear!"

"If only," sighed Gladys, signalling the driver to stop so she might buy purple and golden iris, "if only he'd really seen the ghost I'd be more intrigued."

"We'll see him, likely enough at the opera tonight," Roma told her apparently disinterested sister.

But Gladys, holding her flowers at arm's length to admire their color in the sun, scarcely heard.

They did see Frank Chapman that night—in the lobby. Roma could have shaken Gladys, she wasn't rude, but neither was she very warm or responsive.

It wasn't, mind you, that this good sister had any ideas about matchmaking, hardly for Frank Chapman was married. So was Gladys—to a man fifteen years or more her senior and whom she loved devotedly. It was just that Roma wanted Frank Chapman whom she found utterly charming and Gladys of whom she was frightfully proud to like one another.

"I'm sorry," Gladys told her later, when pressed for her opinion of Frank, "but I really didn't like your friend, Roma darling. I thought him affected, and conceited, and intolerant."

Roma raised her eyes to the Italian heavens. Roma sighed. At the time there was little she could say. She has, however, had a great deal to say since, as you might imagine.

The next meeting between Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout also took place at the opera, but this time in New York. Shortly after he had gained distinction in his American debut as Valentine in "Faust," and she as La Ceica in "Gioconda."

Two years had elapsed.

(Continued on page 92)

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Presenting the most comprehensive review ever attempted by our critics

- **** Excellent
 - **** Good
 - **** Fair
 - **** Poor
 - Not Recommended
- **** METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS FOR LUCKY STRIKES (NBC).
Again this program ranks No. 1.
- **** A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC).
- **** ANNEAL ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS GILLEN and GUY LOMBARDO.
- **** CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
- **** No wonder Miss Dragonette won't see page 42.
- **** GULF PROGRAM WITH WILL ROGERS (NBC).
- **** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- **** FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
- **** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- **** The only star commentator.
- **** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
If you want to know what we think of this program, see page 36.
- **** KRAFFPHINX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN & AL JOLSON (NBC).
- **** LINT INOUR WITH ERNO RAFFE, NINO MARTINI, JANE FROMAN, JULIUS TANNEN & TED HUSING (CBS).
- **** WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY AND MILLS BROS. (CBS).
- **** A woodsy combination.
- **** ELDER MICHAUX & HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
- **** BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Penner takes first place among comedians. See page 48.
- **** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
- **** We recommend this.
- **** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).
- **** The last time Jack will gag for Chevy.
- **** JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Very pleasing.
- **** JOHN McORMACK WITH WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD TILBULT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** THE CADILLAC CONCERTS (NBC).
- **** HOOVER SENTINELS (NBC).
- **** HALL OF FAME (NBC).
- **** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAY RENZI (NBC).
- **** FRED ALLEN'S SAL HEPATICA REVUE (NBC).
- **** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (CBS).
- **** RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RAFFE (NBC).
- **** FORD GERSHWIN (FEENEMINT) (NBC).
- **** "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" WITH FREDERICK WM. WILE (CBS).
- **** FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** CAMEL CARAVAN WITH THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA, COL. STODPNAGLE & BUDD & CONNIE BOSWELL.

- **** MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY (CBS).
- **** PONTIAC PARTY WITH RAYMOND FAIGLE, KAY THOMPSON AND THE RHYTHM KINGS & THE SOUTHERN Rhapsody Choir (CBS).
Always interesting.
- **** CHARLIE WITH RUTH ETTING & JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).
If you haven't heard him you're missing something good.
- **** HAGEN OF TIME (CBS).
- **** ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS (CBS).
- **** REXES AND DRUMS (CBS).
- **** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- **** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
- **** BEST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
- **** BOND BREAD (NBC).
- **** PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
- **** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR
Could it be those laughs?
- **** END CRIME! CLUE (NBC).
- **** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- **** CLUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- **** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC (CBS)).
- **** REAL SILK WITH TED WELMS (NBC).
- **** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE
- **** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).
- **** HUDSON-ESSEX PROGRAM WITH B. A. ROLFE (NBC).
- **** SINGAR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- **** LUTHER LADY (NBC).
- **** LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- **** TEGO PROGRAMS WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
- **** More laughs, huh?
- **** SHIP OF WISDOM WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (NBC).
- **** SHIP OF WISDOM WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).
- **** LATER WINCHELL (NBC).
- **** ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
- **** CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- **** NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
- **** THE WYNN SISTERS.
- **** MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
- **** EDWARD GERRIENDE NEISEN AND ISHAM JONES (CBS).
- **** EASY CARS (CBS).
- **** How low can I leave the air.
- **** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
- **** OXYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
- **** SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW WITH LEO SOLBER, MAMIE SISTERS & HAROLD STOKES (NBC).
- **** THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
- **** THE IPANCA TROUBADOURS WITH LENO HAYDON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** WELCH GRAPE JUICE PROGRAM WITH LENO HAYDON (NBC).
- **** WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
- **** THE SMITH BROTHERS WITH PHIL DUBEY, FRANK LUTHER & JACK PARKER (CBS).
- **** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH HELEN MORGAN (CBS).
- **** HOW TO SKEW (NBC).
- **** GEMS OF MELODY WITH MURIEL WILSON (NBC).

- **** CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMPIRES (NBC).
- **** TALKIE PICTURE TIME (NBC).
- **** DAVE PATRICH (NBC).
- **** CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** CLARA L. N. (NBC).
- **** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
- **** OLD GOLD (NBC).
- **** BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
- **** LITTLE OLIVER (NBC).
- **** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
- **** PLOUGH MUSICAL CRUISER WITH VINCENT LOPEZ (NBC).
- **** HARBOLD WITH ELSIE HITZ AND NICK WADSWORTH (NBC).
- **** MODERN EDWIN DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND RAY (NBC).
- **** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DONALD NOVIS (NBC).
- **** PURE OIL SHOW WITH ARLENE JACKSON AND HAROLD STERN (NBC).
- **** ROYAL GELATINE SHOW WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
- **** OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH TED FIORITO AND DICK POWELL (CBS).
- **** When Old Gold last Warning it lost a star.
- **** POND'S PROGRAM WITH MAUDE ADAMS (NBC).
- **** Dick's luck expected.
- **** THE CRUISE OF THE "BETH PARKER" (NBC).
- **** HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAUDE HOPKINS ORCHESTRA AND THE FIVE SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
- **** THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH THE MARK BROTHERS (CBS).
- **** HUDNUT PROGRAM WITH JACK DENNEY, JEANINE LANG AND JACK WHITING (CBS).
- **** BOB PLAYERS "MEET THE ARTIST" PROGRAM (CBS).
- **** Better when Bob was the whole show.
- **** BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EXPEDITION (CBS).
- **** A good piece of work.
- **** LITTLE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHESTRA FOLK CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. (CBS).
- **** LOU LITTLE'S PERSONS INTERVIEWS MOVIE STARS (CBS).
- **** THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).
- **** PAT PLAYERS, SIX HANDS ON TWO PIANOS (CBS).
- **** TITO GUIZAR'S MID-DAY SERENADE (NBC).
- **** LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (NBC).
- **** WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH PHADEL MILES AND GUESTS (CBS).
- **** SMILING, ED MCCONNELL (CBS).
- **** AN EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
- **** PATRUS DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD (CBS).
- **** V. KALTENBORN (CBS).
- **** TONY WONS (CBS).
- **** PHADEL MILES AND GUESTS (CBS).
- **** SKIPPY (CBS).
- **** CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM WITH PHADEL MILES AND GUESTS (CBS).
- **** THE MYSTERY CHEF (CBS) (NBC).
- **** GOLDEN GLOCKS, PEPSODOR PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** Gradually better.
- **** THE EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- **** No likes.
- **** HOW NAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
- **** How to listen to.
- **** SWIFT REVUE WITH OLSEN AND JOHNSON (NBC).
- **** Too much laughing on everyone's part.



Radio Stars (artists) make whoopee at RADIO STARS' (magazine) party. Here are a few of the 195 who attended. In the front row, from left to right, smiling Vincent Lopez, Freddie Rich and Leon Belasco, the maestros. Behind them are Bonnie Poe (Betty Boop), Shirley Howard, Pianists Sandra Phillips and Peggy Keenan with two friends, Tony Wons, Connie Gates, Arlene Jackson and Conrad Thibault.

David Ross, medal winner announcer, finds Adele Ronson (left) and Elaine Melchior, actresses, swell company in between ginger ales, as you can tell by his facial expression.

When the Baron Munchausen (Jack Pearl) starts telling about the time he hugged two beautiful girls, you'll know it's true. Here he is with Vera Van (left) and Shirley Howard.



RADIO
STARS
MAGAZINE
GIVES ITS
FIRST
PARTY

And from all over
the town come our
kings and queens
of Broadcastland
to laugh and play





(Above) Here we have Jack Pearl and Charlie Hall ready for a cocktail. This is one time Charlie was dere. And the Baron won't deny it. (Below) Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Annette Hanshaw, the blues singer who doesn't like to be called a blues singer, pose together.



(Above) Felix Bernard, one of the "Playboys," has something to say to Alexander Gray (center) and Tony Wons. (Below) Vincent Lopez poses with the guests of honor—the three winners of RADIO STARS' boner contests—J. R. Ross (left) Jacquetta Calvin and Mildred Bradley.



Johnny Green tells Lee Wiley and Victor Young (above) about his new songs. (Below, left to right) Vivien Ruth, Stephen Fox and Betty Barthell. (From the right, reading left) Ben Grauer, Harry Salter and Shirley Howard repose in peaceful relaxation as the party goes into its third hour.

Gertrude Niesen, with outstretched hands, pleads with the cameraman that he get a good shot of Mario Braggiotti, the pianist, and herself. (Below) Jacquetta Calvin, the contest winner from Shreveport, La., got a big thrill when Fred Waring asked that his picture be taken with her.



Music by GERSHWIN

By JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by
Jack Welch



First a mug, then a song plugger and now just a plain millionaire. But to all those who know him, a regular guy—that's George Gershwin

7 WENTY-SEVEN years ago he stole rides on trucks and swiped fruit from Italian groceries on New York's east side.

Today he signs \$100,000 contracts.

Twenty-seven years ago he was the torment of the Irish cop on the beat, starting fires in the street, smashing windows in stores and fighting. "When a Jew kid gets tough there's nothing tougher," said the cop.

Today he lives in a modernistic apartment on Riverside Drive, is a millionaire, and plays piano melodies for your loudspeaker as one of radio's Biggest Five.

"We now have George Gershwin and his intimate review of modern music—"

If you'd ever said "intimate review of modern music" to George when he was a kid he would have socked you. Just how he turned out to be a musician is a miracle. His mother and father came to America from Russia. His mother's father was an inventor. His father could sing, whistle, imitate a cornet, and coax music out of a comb covered with a certain kind of paper, but that's all the music there was in the family. His father was in business, or in and out of business. He designed cloth uppers for women's fancy high buttoned shoes. Then he was part owner of a Turkish bath. For a while he ran a cigar store and a billiard parlor. Once he was even a book-maker at a racetrack, but too many favorites won. Whenever "Pop" went into a new business the family moved. The Gershwins lived in twenty-eight houses in New York City alone while George was a youngster.



GEORGE grew up on the East Side, the "champeen roller skater of Seventh Street." He was out on the streets at all hours. Once a horse kicked him in the nose. (He's had nose and throat trouble ever since.) It was the same tough neighborhood that bred Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. The kids fought, stole, sassed the cops, tormented the store owners, smashed windows, hopped rides, threw mud in laundry hanging out on fire-escapes to dry, played hockey on Forsythe Street. Jimmy Durante and Al Smith came out of the same kind of slum. George went around with one pants leg dragging, a sneer on his face and a chip on his shoulder. Some of his little playmates are sitting up the river today in Sing Sing.

Music? He hated it. Any kid that took music lessons was a sissie. George's gang had a name for them. They called them "Maggies."

George was always getting into trouble. Once, running around the streets barefoot, he stepped on a spike and ran it clear through his foot. Another time he fell off a porch and landed on his face on a broken bottle. He still has a long scar beside his right eye. But those were just accidents. What got him into trouble usually was playing hookey from Public School No. 20.

One day, he remembers, the school doctor told him he

had mumps and sent him home. On the way home George stopped to gawk at the lurid posters in front of one of Marcus Loew's nickelodeons.

"All right, kid. Come along with me!" growled a deep voice.

The truant officer dragged him back to the school and took him into the principal's office. Of course the principal had to say, "You've made a mistake, officer. This boy was sent home sick." George had played hookey fifty times before. This time, the one time he was innocent, he had to get caught. It was an outrage. A good boy like him, not being believed by the truant officer! The more he thought of it the more innocent he felt. He cried for hours, just because he was so innocent.

DOWN deep inside of him somewhere he must have liked music, though, because he remembers, one day, standing barefoot on the sidewalk outside a penny arcade listening fascinated by the mechanical pianola. (Years later he found out the tune was *Melody in F*.)

And then there was the day his own mother bought a piano. Her married sister had one, so she had to have one. The moving van men hoisted it up the side of the building on ropes and shoved (Continued on page 71)



JIMMY MELTON AND HIS MISSUS



DAVE RUBINOFF

Wide World



CONNIE BOSWELL

Connie Boswell has an affliction, a great affliction, but it has spurred her to stardom on the air, and has served to inspire others to the heights she has attained.

GOOD SAMARITANS...

(Left) Jimmy Melton and his lovely wife who ever backs her generous husband. (Top) Dave Rubinoff once didn't even have pennies to pay for violin lessons.

Grabbing, greed and jealousy stalk Radio Row. You know all about these, but how often do you hear of the human kindness and understanding?

by Helen Hozer

WAY up in Cold Springs, New York, a certain charity camp which takes care of thousands of poor, undernourished boys every year was faced with disaster and the heartbreaking situation of having to end the camp and all the fine work it had done. Eddie Cantor heard about it. Now it is functioning again, unhampered by dread fears of closing, for Cantor said, "As long as I'm alive this camp will stay open."

A singer in a honky-tonk cafe, his unhappy eyes showing the bewilderment he felt at the strange fate that had shaken him off the ladder of fame and sent him careening downward, was struggling desperately to climb back to the heights he had once occupied. It was a pitiful, hopeless fight with the odds overwhelmingly against him. But he made it. Bing Crosby saw to that.

A warped, crippled newsboy, disillusioned and bitter at his fate, now sees life through a more normal and cheerful perspective, because game little Connie Boswell made it her business to meet him. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

It's not for the purpose of placing radio stars on a hallowed pedestal that I want to tell you about some of the grand gestures of several of the most "hard-boiled" radio artists, but because it makes them such real people, such grand human beings and so much more understandable. That's why I'm stealing a page from Nick Kenny, radio editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, and nominating my own candidates for "The Good Samaritans of the Air." This story is going to make me the most unpopular girl in Radio Row because I'm telling here for the first time those fine gestures that each star wanted to keep close to his or her heart alone.

Jimmy Melton, for instance, would rather have me say that he goes around scaring children than tell about what he is doing for a certain young boy.

It was when Melton was playing in theatres all over the country a short time ago that he came across this boy. Jimmy was leaving his dressing-room when he felt a hand tugging at his sleeve. He looked up and saw a clean-cut, nervous young chap.

"Please, Mr. Melton, may I see you for just a minute?"

I CAN'T explain just what it was that made Melton stop and walk back to his dressing-room with him. After all, Melton was used to being accosted by strangers with all sorts of requests, and he had trained himself to turn a deaf ear to all pleas. Yet he found himself in his room a few minutes later, listening to the boy sing.

"You've a splendid voice," Melton told him. "You ought to study."

"I'd like to," the boy answered, "but I don't see how I can. I have no money."

Melton was about to dismiss him, when through his mind flashed a picture of himself as a young boy. He remembered those discouraging years of trying to get somewhere in the music world with no one to give him a helping hand. He saw himself reflected in the hopeful, ambitious eyes of the boy. Today the boy is studying in one of the best music colleges in the country, with the finest voice teachers at his disposal. That boy is going to have a chance. Jimmy Melton is seeing to that.

I happened to mention something about Eddie Cantor earlier. Let me tell you all about it now. Those of you who know anything at all about Eddie Cantor's life are familiar with his poverty-stricken childhood. Eddie hasn't forgotten. He remembers to this very day that the only time he ever escaped from the dirty East Side streets was when he was shipped with (Continued on page 93)



HARPO

CHICO

ZEPPPO

THEY

By JOHN
SKINNER

AS his clock stroked midnight, Groucho Marx glanced nervously up from the grisly detective story he was reading. For a moment he sat tense, then relaxed and laughed. He was letting this Hollywood kidnaping scare get him. Really nothing to worry about. His wife and two children were safely in bed. He returned to his book.

Suddenly he heard a car stealing up the drive. An instant later the dead silence of the night was shattered by the shrill ringing of his doorbell. A thousand fears pounding in his heart, he tiptoed to the door and peered through a crack. Standing there he saw a battered old 1914 Ford, sinister as a ramshackle haunted house. No one was in it.

Hastily Groucho rebolted his door and telephoned the police. As he nervously awaited their arrival, he scoured his brain for a solution to the mysterious visit. Kidnapers? Burglars? Practical jokers?

Despite his genuine agitation, he couldn't help pondering over the possibilities of a prank.

The life of the four mad Marx Brothers, you see, is full of capers. Only a few tales of their pranks dribble out to the world at large. Most of them are never known. But because Groucho and Chico, who play Ulysees H. Drivle and his intrepid news hound, Penelli, on CBS, chose to talk the other afternoon, at last you have a chance to see what comedians do on their day off. And what's more, here's an opportunity to see what happens to them as a result of their impishness. Of course, because of an indomitable devilry in their makeup, they usually turn the last table.

You'd think that the Marx boys after hours of nonsensical antics performed for popular consumption would be too weary to conjure up any tricks to play on their acquaintances. Most professional comedians usually are. After a Tuesday night broadcast, for instance, Ed Wynn drops into a chair and sighs. If he talks at all, it's usually about the serious condition the world is in. Joe Penner, off the air, is a pleasant, but quiet fellow. Eddie Cantor usually rushes home after work to play the part of a good father to his five daughters.

Time Marxes On. Thatsa soma joke, eh boss? Look at 'em and laugh— it marx no difference to the Mad Marxes—they get paid for it



GROUCHO

LAUGH LAST..

NOT so the Marx Brothers. They have their home life, but it's generally being turned bottom side up by one form or another of original practical joking. Groucho, Chico, Zeppo and Harpo are no respecters of persons or rank. Their wild jests strike without warning. They pick on men like Samuel Goldwyn, film magnate, and kick the props of dignity from beneath swank establishments like Tiffany's Fifth Avenue jewelry shop.

Now you understand why that night Groucho, despite the possible menace to the safety of his six-year-old daughter, Miriam, and his twelve-year-old son, Arthur, entertained for a moment the thought that some former victim of his practical joking was striking back.

But the danger was too great to take a chance. Marlene Dietrich was maintaining three shifts of husky men to watch her daughter. Many of the more prominent stars had bodyguards constantly by their sides.

The police car swerved up the drive. Systematically the officers beat through the bushes. No sign of anyone lurking about. Finally they gave up, and after futile efforts to start the old Ford, towed it away.

Groucho and his wife kept a close vigil over their children that night. Later they moved to another house to thwart any carefully laid plans kidnapers might have made.

Months later Groucho was in a New York night club.

He'd been chatting with Larry Hart of Rogers and Hart. Larry turned to leave.

"Well, so long, Groucho."

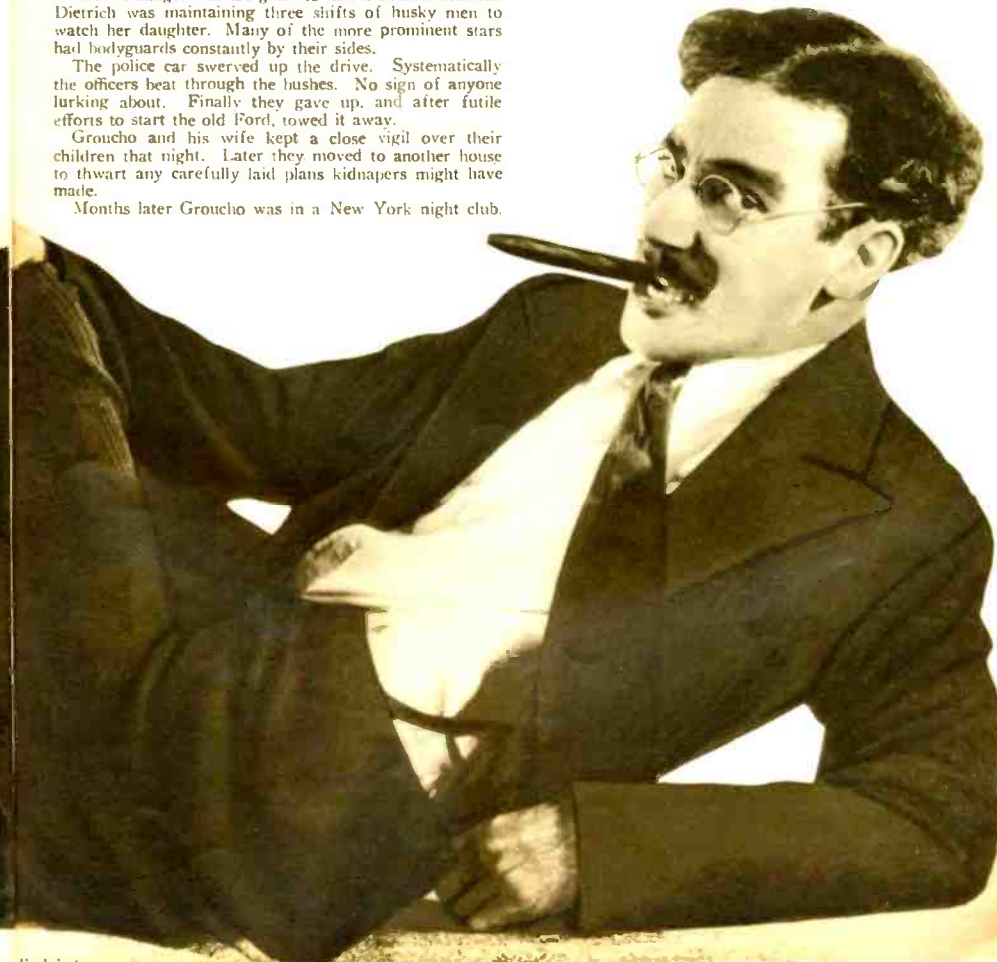
"S'long," Hart walked away.

"Oh Groucho," he called over his shoulder.

"Yes?"

"By the way, what did you ever do with that old Ford we left in front of your house that night?"

And that was the solution of the mysterious midnight visitors. Perhaps Larry hadn't realized the serious proportions his joke might assume. (Continued on page 95)





Frances
Langford

TOAST OF CAMPUS AND BALD-HEADED ROW

LOTS of students at Southern College in Florida learned science, history and philosophy, but it took Frances Langford to make them forget it all. For while there are scores of beautiful girls who are the belles of their respective campuses, Frances is the toast of more than a hundred colleges. And students and their dads and granddads and great-granddads don't hesitate to call themselves her fans.

Imagine the furor she stirred when the local papers stated that Rudy Vallee, who had heard her sing over a Florida station, had offered her a guest appearance on a

network program. And if her friends thought that was somethin', imagine how they felt when word came from New York that Frances was Abe Lyman's regular singer. As if that wasn't enough to wake up the home folks, she went right ahead and appeared in the movie "Here Goes the Bride" and made a vaudeville tour.

If you, too, would like to forget the heavier things of life, tune in this little contralto any Wednesday at 10 p. m. EDSST on the NBC Blue-WJZ network or any Saturday at 9 p. m. on the NBC red-WEAF chain and see how easy it is to dispell anything bothering you.

George M.
Cohan



BROADWAY'S "YANKEE DOODLE BOY"

If there's anything in the field of entertainment that George M. Cohan can't do, we haven't been able to find it out. You war veterans know what he has meant to you. Any man that can lighten the burden of war with such songs as "Over There" is deserving of the high estimation George Cohan now holds. Movie fans have learned to love his inimitable acting. To Broadway he is the "Yankee Doodle Boy." But more than that, he is a trouper of more than forty years standing. Literally millions of theatre-goers remember him in the leading rôles of comedies, mostly from his own pen.

"The Governor's Son," "Running for Office," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" are only a few of his own. Not only is his name synonymous with acting, play writing and composing, but with theatrical management and production. In the heart of Broadway stands a theatre bearing his name in blazing lights.

When the Gulf Refining Company arranged a program on NBC they chose the big timer—George Cohan.

RADIO STARS

LISSOME and luxurious Adele Girard is proof of the age-old whimsy that two talents are better than one and three are better than two. And four are better—but look at the gel, as if you aren't. She's two of the reasons (or is it three) for the popularity of Harry Sosnik and his Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago.

But, speaking of talents, Adele really is a maiden plen-

tifully endowed with abilities that persuade people to pay her what is vulgarly called the do-re-mi. She sings, for one thing, in a swoony-moony fashion that hitches your heart to a star and takes you dusting along the milky way. She plays the piano, too, in a robust and ruffianly fashion. But her forte (can you take it) is the harp. Listen to Sosnik some moon-swept evening and let the chords of his theme, "Lazy Rhapsody," seep into your soul. That is part of Adele's job. She's his harpist, his plucker of magic strings.

It's a nice job, once you get the feel of it, she says. To make it easier, you think of the boy you left behind you, the handsome devil dancing with that scandalous blonde, and the fellow who came to collect the rent last week. With all that in your mind, if you can't put "smaltz" in your plucking, you'd better go back to the country you came from.

You can get a load of what she means by "schmaltz" every evening but Thursday and Sunday, 11:30, CBS.

PLENTY REASON FOR RHAPSODY



*Adele
Girard*

RADIO STARS

THE air is full of joy, brightness, and gaiety. We mean it, literally. We're talking about June Joy, the joy-singer with Sam Robbins and his orchestra in the Hotel McAlpin, Manhattan, with the privilege of joy-spreading going to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Before she became June Joy, she was just plain little Inez Johnson whom residents of Little Rock, Arkansas, will remember as the blue-eyed and raven-haired daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Johnson.

Ever since her grandfather, Judge Johnson, settled in Little Rock and became one of the city fathers, the family has been earning a big name for themselves out there.

June contributed her share when the whole town began talking about her smart and original writings in the local high school paper. Not only that, but she took all the feminine leads in the school plays and had theatre-goers fighting for the front seats.

While having such a jolly time in school she was suddenly snitten with the urge for a professional career in the entertainment world.

Mama and Papa might have objected, but their minds were promptly changed by their winsome but determined young daughter.

It seems to be a rule that girls have to go to big cities to make good. Nobody seems to know why; it just happens that way. Anyhow, Inez (or maybe we'd better start calling her June) began singing popular songs with the Camp Pike Entertainers, then traveled with stock companies throughout the south and had a dash of Orpheum Circuit vaudeville before she felt the call of the west and wound up in Hollywood making flickers.

Since Sammy Robbins is also an Arkansas product, it didn't take them long to become friends. About three years ago they teamed up and she's been with Sammy off and on since.

How do yuh like that speckled dress? It's a brand new one she got just for this picture.

A CUTE LITTLE CHEERER-UPPER



June Joy

THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD

By FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS



Two head-hunters of New Guinea take time off from hunting heads to pose with Robert L. Ripley (left) who related his "Believe It or Not" tales on the Hudson-Terraplane program Saturdays over NBC. (Below) Here's the investigating Ripley with Cygna Conly, world's fastest human talker. She gave Lincoln's Gettysburg address in thirty seconds, a rate of nine words a second.



Bolitho puts it, that "life is miraculous, breathless and good to live."

WHAT has Bob Ripley's investment in curiosity brought forth?

Here are some of the dividends, dividends which Bob Ripley passes on to you: A completely normal son was born to two Chinese children in Amoy, Fukien, China. The mother was eight years old and the father was nine. A wonder child, named Christian Heinrich Heinecken, of Luebeck, Germany, could talk at the age of eight weeks

Robert L. Ripley's hunt for "Believe It or Not" facts has taken him into 167 countries. And the stories he got are whoppers



Jackson Photo.

(Above) The "Wisest Man," Robert L. Ripley, ready for action. (Right) Mr. Ripley with a young man of Port Moresby, Papua. The tight belt is to make him thin so he'll attract a prospective bride. (Below) Ripley getting friendly with a three-fingered god of the Maoris of New Zealand.



and knew the Pentateuch of the Bible at the age of thirteen months! There's a prominent man in Seattle, Washington, named 10,000,000. Mr. Ten Million! A Detroitier, named Alfred Langeven, can blow out a small candle with air through his eyes! All but one inhabitant of a town in Spain has six or seven fingers and toes! There was an Italian, Joseph Caspar, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who knew 114 languages and 72 dialects. He learned Chinese in four months. A Bengal Fakir, named Agastya, held his hand aloft for ten years until a bird built a nest in his motionless palm. (After about three months of this attitude, the limb becomes rigid and useless and the joints so fixed that it is impossible for him to lower his arm.) The Flemish word for motor car has forty-one letters in it! (Snelpaardeloosonderspoorwegpetrolrijtuig.) At the age of twenty-four, Mrs. Theresa Vaughn, an Englishwoman, confessed to 61 bigamous marriages! Mulai Ismail, of Morocco, had 888 children. A Frenchwoman, Madame De La Bresse, left her fortune of 125,000 francs to be used for buying clothes for snow men. "For decency sake," she said in her will.

A FAN writes to Ripley: "My two brothers, Sam and Morris, and myself, Ben Neiman, were sitting in my office when a total stranger came in and asked to use the telephone. I consented and the stranger called a number and said, 'Hello Sam, this is Ben, I am waiting for Morris—where is he?'" James Bartley, a sailor, was



Maybe Rip doesn't envy this head hunter of Papua, New Guinea, with his fine feathers. The nose ring is of shell and pierces both nose and lips.

actually swallowed by a sperm whale. The whale was caught, killed, and Bartley was removed alive. He was completely insane for three weeks but after that he had no bad effects except that the gastric juices of the whale had turned his skin into a ghastly parchment white from which it never recovered. There's a bottle of beer insured for \$25,000. (The last bottle of a pre-prohibition brew of a famous Milwaukee Brewer.) Rip once went to Hell. It's a town in Norway. There's an animal called a Swoose. (A cross between a swan and a goose, in Franklin Park Zoo, Boston.) J. B. Swan, of Loveland, Colorado, grew a potato that weighed 96 pounds ten ounces. (It was 2 feet, 5 inches long!) Once, in January, 1910, the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo won twenty-seven times in succession! The odds are almost seven-million to one! After her head was cut off, a hen lived for seventeen days! She died because a careless attendant allowed the end of the neck to heal over the end of the windpipe so closely as to choke her to death! Pierre Messie, a Frenchman, could make his hair move at will. He could make it stand on end, fall, or curl. He could make one side curl while the other side lay flat! All the radium that has been collected will not weigh as much as a golf-ball. Snakes have hips—and Ripley proves it. Little Peter, an African pigmy, was less than three feet tall, had ten wives and thirty-seven children. Fish get seasick. A communication containing 1,615 letters, was sent to Bob Ripley by one of his fans. It was written on a grain of rice. Those are only a few of the thousand of "Believe It or Not" facts which this curiosity shopper has found. But they

are enough to make you wonder where he came from and what manner of life he has lived.

HE was born on Christmas, forty years ago, at Santa Rosa, California.

His mother was born in a covered wagon, at Camp Six, when Rip's grandparents were en route to the west coast.

At the age of fourteen, Rip sold a drawing to Life Magazine. It was called "The Village Belle was Slowly Ringing." It showed a country girl turning a clothes wringer. That started a newspaper career, which he abandoned some years later to pitch for the Giants.

And, believe it or not, while pitching a ball in his first game for the Giants, Bob Ripley strained so hard in his effort to make good that his arm was completely broken in two. After that he went back to the newspapers.

The "Believe It or Not" idea started quite accidentally. Rip was drawing a sports cartoon for the Globe in 1921 and devoted an occasional feature to strange facts and freaks in the world of sport. It enabled him to give vent to his great curiosity but as the feature became more and more popular Rip decided to extend his subject matter to all fields and run it daily.

In the twelve years since he started the "Believe It or Not" series, Bob Ripley has dug up and cartooned more than 15,000 items!

"Of all these items," Ripley said, "the most touching 'Believe It or Not' and probably the most pathetic is the one that I've called 'The Eternal Betrothed,' the story of Mademoiselle Therese Veving of Pont l'Abbe.

"Paul Treguiyre was a young fisherman who was deeply in love with Therese, and she with him. They plighted their troth on the shores of Pont l'Abbe. He was twenty-six and she was twenty-one.

"Then one day he told her his boat was sailing to Newfoundland, and when he returned they would be married. For days she waited—weeks—months—years. Other opportunities presented themselves. She refused them.

"Fifty-eight years later a sailing craft was sighted outside the harbor. Paul Treguiyre was aboard. They were married in the Cathedral of Pont l'Abbe. She was seventy-nine. And he was eighty-four!"

THE American cross-bar case, which Ripley calls the most amazing accident that ever happened, is also the most horrible "Believe It or Not" item he has ever unearthed.

The accident happened to Shimeas P. Gage, twenty-five years old, a foreman on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad. In September 13, 1847, he was employed in charging a hole with powder preparatory to blasting.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion—the premature blast caught Gage unawares and drove a tamping iron, three feet seven inches long, an inch and a quarter in diameter and weighing over thirteen pounds, completely through his head. The crow-bar entered the left side of Gage's face, under the cheek bone, went through the eye, and out of the top of his cranium!

Despite this horrible injury young Gage didn't even lose consciousness. When he arrived at the hotel to which he was brought, he was able to climb a long flight of stairs to the hall where his wound was to be dressed. At ten that night he was perfectly rational and asked about his work and his friends! He lived for many years after.

SOMETIMES Bob Ripley travels for thousands of miles in his endeavor to quench his—and your—insatiable curiosity. He crossed the Great Desert from Damascus to Bagdad, took the train from Bagdad to Basra, passing through the hottest place in the world, where the temperature sometimes touches 150 degrees above zero, then a long auto (Continued on page 89)

She denies she's exotic but her intimates know better. This accomplished songstress has everything it takes for love and marriage—yet—

Gertrude Niesen's voice shot her to stardom, over night and has kept her there for over a year. Besides being a big favorite over the air, she's much in demand at the swanky spots around New York. She is shown here rehearsing with Isham Jones.



WHEN the capricious fingers of Madame Luck flip a coin of fate for Gertrude Niesen, she says: "Heads you give up love and keep your career as Columbia's star torch singer and—tails you give yourself to love and sacrifice your career." There's as pretty a little life problem as ever presented to any woman. Yet isn't it the very same thing that has happened or might happen to any of you who read this? If it is, then such an uncompromising choice won't seem as incredible as it sounds. This, despite the fact that many radio stars are happily married.

Gertrude's case is different. Of course it is possible that some day Gertrude may find marital joy. But she won't commit herself on this point. You can't blame her. You would see why, if for a few brief moments, you could live the life of this singer to whom legends of exotic glamor have attached themselves. In her associations with men of the glittering world in which she moves, you would understand why she finds it dangerous even to think of marriage.

You might assume that to have Gertrude's fascination

By JEAN PELLETIER

for men would be an advantage in such a life. It isn't. Not entirely. The eyes with the suggestion of the Oriental, the full, appealing lips, the rhythmic carriage—they're the sort of things which can

shrink the hearts of men and women in jealousy.

Men are drawn to her, constantly, remorselessly. She can't help it. Gertrude Niesen is the type of woman, who, if seen more than twice with the same man, is sure to busy idle tongues. It makes it difficult for her to associate with her real studio friends. It has instilled in her a philosophy which can better be understood when you consider the things which might happen in her friendships with men.

What is a girl in this position to do if she wants to fall honestly in love? If she marries a radio executive, the cry goes up among the jealous ones that she's doing it only to further her career. If she marries a newspaperman, she is said to want publicity. If she is seen about with one of the wealthy playboys she meets so often in night club work, it's asserted she's interested in his money. And if she marries a prominent (Continued on page 69)



Presenting the cast of the Maxwell House Showboat band over NBC Thursdays at 9 p. m. EDST. Left to right: Tiny Muller, Percy Allenby, Pauline Grant (Missy Lou), Casey Ross, Irene Hubbard (Aunt Ann), Charles Winnings (Cotton Henry), Annette Harkness, Virginia George, Cecard Mitchell, Walter Conrad, Gus Hansen, Marie St. Helms, Carlism, L. J. Bennett, Tommie Meyers, Oscar Lambert, Leonard Stokes and Bob Moody.



OF all the radio programs that tumble from our loudspeaker, the Show Boat Hour on Thursday evening has been the one most adroit in capturing romance and glamour. Here is entertainment that depends entirely upon illusion for its atmosphere and background. With the splashing of paddle wheels in muddy water and the throaty shrilling of a calliope, we lean back in our armchairs content to believe that here is a show com-

ing to us from an authentic Show Boat tied to a Mississippi shore.

Those of us who have known the river and its roving boatloads of merry-makers need only to shut our eyes to be carried back to old scenes and songs. Those of us to whom the Show Boat is new discover a resplendent adventure in entertainment.

Because this rich hour has brought great and unusual pleasure to a vast number of

listeners, and because its sponsors have given us the considerable talents of many skillful entertainers, we extend the June RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Maxwell House and its jovial band of Show Boat troupers.

Curtis Mitchell

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

A 9 YEAR
OLD BOY
STARTED
WLW



WLW's antenna (above) sticks up 831 feet in the air waves.

Joseph A. Chambers (left) inspects two of the giant tubes in WLW's new half-million-watt plant. Watt power dot is!



Studio "A" at WLW, the largest of a dozen good looking studios in the Crosley Radio Corporation plant at Cincinnati, Ohio.



Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Powell Crosley, Jr., founder and president of WLW. Read the story of his dramatic career.



F AINT as the creak of artillery wheels in a cannonade is the shrill piping of a boy's buzzer set when compared with the thundering reverberations of WLW's 500,000 watt broadcast transmitter—the largest in the world.

Yet, unbelievable though it may seem, it was the 9-year-old son of Powell Crosley, Jr., who started his dad on the road to being one of the world's outstanding pioneers in the field of broadcasting. It was a road which had its beginning with the mounting of a key and buzzer on a bread board and led to the presidency of the Crosley Radio Corporation in Cincinnati, Ohio.

You have probably tuned to WLW many times; danced to its music; found comfort in its singing voices. Some of you, out of its immediate territory might have been surprised in the early morning hours of the past few weeks to find yourself listening to "the nation's station" and saying, "Why, I never could get WLW before."

There is a reason for this. Today it is an experiment, but by the time you read this, perhaps, the giant transmitter that looks out over the plains of Ohio and the hills of Kentucky may be operating full time on half a million watts, sending the name of its founder and dynamic president, Powell Crosley, Jr., to places no other station has ever been able to reach—making it the biggest broadcasting station on earth.

But, you may ask, why is the story of this station im-

portant to you? What does it mean to you, sitting in your parlor listening to WNZZ at Oshkosh? I'll tell you. If it hadn't been for WLW and Powell Crosley, it is quite possible that you'd not be able to hear WNZZ at all. There's a lot more to the story than that, and you shall hear it soon. Just now, I want you to see the station that was started by a child's whim.

By CECIL B. STURGES

It was in 1921, on Washington's birthday, that a young son, Powell Crosley III, finally convinced his father that he should have a wireless set like other boys in his block. Those were the days when adults like you and me marveled at the youngsters who were able to send dots and dashes through space.

On that day in 1921, father and son went to a little Cincinnati shop to make the purchase. But Powell Crosley, Jr., like most fathers, considered \$130 too much to pay to satisfy a childish whim. So he purchased a key, buzzer and a couple of instruction books. For days the two of them were absorbed in hooking the instruments together. When the task was completed they began to tap the key. They waited. Would the boy across the street hear them? He did!

Crosley returned to the little shop next day and purchased the parts for a crystal set. Soon he was hearing faint voices in his earphones. "I got the lever right then and there," he told me when (Continued on page 80)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

WLW

MANY FAMOUS RADIO STARS CALL IT "HOME"

The Ponce Sisters—Ethel and Dorothea—now on WLW, have been starred by such masters as Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee and Roxy and at both the Columbia and National Broadcasting companies. Harmony is their specialty.



Little Jack Little (above) and Jean Paul King (below) call WLW "home."



(Above) Jane Froman, CBS, and (below) Romona, NBC, two prides of WLW.



DON'T think for once that New York is the only guy's town grinding out new things for your loud-speakers. Nor Chicago, for that matter. The truth is, officials of both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company have been wearing holes in ten dollar Florsheims stamping the sidewalks to Cincinnati trains.

Why Cincinnati? Well, if ever you've tuned to 700 kilocycles you know why. It's WLW, the station where stars are born. And network higher-ups find themselves in a stupor trying to keep up with the birth rate.

Just look at the record. There's Romona, for instance. Out of the West came this husky voiced brunette to capture the ears of WLW's crew of talent pickers. WLW threw all kinds of support behind her—gave her a great big build-up. Paul Whiteman heard her and swiped her. Now she's a stellar attraction on Paul's Kraft Phoenix hour along with Al Jolson and the rest of the gang.

You've probably heard Jane Froman's story. She had just graduated from the University of Missouri and was studying music in Cincinnati. Powell Crosley, Jr., president of WLW, heard her at a party. The next day she shot to stardom. Yes, it was that simple. Now Jane is CBS's favorite daughter.

She not only walked away from WLW with fame, but also with a hubby—Don Ross, a baritone who had built himself a loyal WLW following, too. Don, is another CBS capture. Remember his booming voice on the Pontiac program last year?

HERE'S a story that will surprise you. Thomas G. Rockwell, one of New York's wisest talent booking agents, was visiting in Cincinnati (Continued on page 83)



Arthur Ainsworth (above) and Peter Grant (below)—announcers.



L. J. Barnes (above), announcer. (Below) Stanley Peyton, actor.



John Barker (above), baritone. Henry Thies (below), bandman.



WLW

YOU'RE LISTENING TO —

TUNER-INNERS to 700 kilocycles get a goodly share of the best in talent. The reason being that "The Nation's Station", WLW, knows how to pick and handle good artists. As smooth a bunch as any station could boast. Look at the pictures above. Of course there are a lot of others, too, only a lack of space keeps us from showing the smiles of such people as Phil Davis, maestro of jazz; the Four Pals, a quartet of young gents; the versatile contralto, Helen Janke; the comic baritone, Johnny Muldowney; Frank Simon, bandmaster and cornet soloist; the ace saxophonist, Joe Luga; those harmonizing Three Moods in Blue, and all the other grand guys and gals at WLW.

Next time you hear these people, remember this: It may not be long before you hear them on one of the networks, for time has proven that WLW is a prep school for stars.



Henry King, WLW's veteran announcer entered radio through the "back door" by first working in factory.



Morrie Neuman, they say, is another Crosby in the making. (Below) Mary Alcott, singer.



If you want to perform over the networks, get yourself a job on WLW

That station has a habit of making stars. Look at its list of graduates!

'Well, I don't,' says Gracie Allen. 'And neither do I,' says George Burns. 'But somebody has to,' sez you. And somebody does—they have some system!

Who pays the Bills?

By NANETTE KUTNER



Harold Stein

"One of the keenest minded women I ever met." And is it any wonder people say so? Guess what she's up to now. No, Gracie isn't balancing the budget. She's figuring out a way to show George that she can save him \$500 by purchasing a fur coat for her now. "Isn't she cute?" George asks.



Wide World

In just one second, Gracie is going to "Oh, George," her good looking young husband. They are at the grand opening of Ted Fiorito's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove.



Paramount

George and his missus go in for polo—ball, hats, horses, mallets and all. With her spirited steed Gracie gallops up and keeps her hubby and his hobby from making a sure goal.

THERE'S something you don't know about Burns and Allen.

Up to now you've been reading stories about the way they met, that memorable time when little Gracie Allen was out of a job and George Burns did bad dancing imitations of good dancers in an act called "Burns and Lorraine." And you've seen interviews concerning their joint rise to success, interviews which told you that Burns and Allen have been stage partners for ten years and marital partners for seven.

"Where one is, you'll be sure to find the other. They're always together," an official at the Columbia Broadcasting Studios once told me.

Always together. That must be a terrific strain. If you have ever held a job you know how nerve racking it is to work continually with the same person. But to work together ten years and at the same time be married to your co-worker is doubly difficult, especially as you have the additional problem of wondering how to divide your earnings and deciding which member of the family pays what bills. It's far from easy to balance a marriage of that kind. Since early cave man days the male has protected the female, has fought for her food and shelter. And now, any physiologist will tell you that a money-making wife is apt to turn the best of marriages topsy-turvey and right into the best of divorce courts.

Here's what you don't know about Burns and Allen—

how they have managed the economic part of their marriage, how they have astutely steered themselves away from petty bickerings and kept their business association from disintegrating into bitter shreds.

IT takes courage and cooperation for two people to make a go of a joint life, especially two people who have entirely different personalities. And Burns and Allen are different. George Burns is a lovable sentimentalist. Gracie Allen is one of the keenest minded women I have ever met. She plays her wife part superbly; she is so smart that she pulls a curtain of cuteness over her actions and mannerisms. George Burns must be the leader.

He talked to me while we waited for her to return from a shopping excursion.

"You can put our solution to the money problem down to faith," he said. "Faith and common sense. This economic situation is no joke. You can call it money, mazzima, kale; you can call it anything you please, but it's usually the basic reason for discord. Most married couples waste the greater part of their waking hours arguing over bills. You know very well that no two people spend the same amount of money no more than they eat the same portions of food. One is more extravagant than the other and so they quarrel. The wife nags at the husband because he ordered an extra blue serge suit and he thinks she has no business getting a new fur (Continued on page 94)



Gentlemen! Let us introduce little Peg LaCentra, NBC's clever dramatic actress and vocalist who isn't even engaged. She's a home loving girl, too.



Peg sings with the organ duo, Winters and Weber, on NBC's Red-WEAF chain Thursdays, at 4 p. m. EST. She also does dramatic bits on various shows.

Peg LaCentra

AGE: Nineteen.

HEIGHT: Five feet two.

WEIGHT: 93 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Boston.

HAIR: Light brown.

EYES: Blue.

FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis.

FAVORITE FOOD: Veal Scallipini.



PEG LACENTRA was one of those rarities of the air—a woman announcer. It's seldom that you hear a girl announcing and it is more seldom that she is successful. Peg was that. Before she finished at Kathryn Gibbs she had an audition at WNAC, Boston, and on the day she graduated she had a job. Woman Announcer. Her voice apparently had the quality and timber that persuades a radio audience to endure the announcements without twirling the dial to something else.

Talent scouts soon snatched her up to do dramatic ingenue leads. In a short time she found herself singing

at the famous WOR station, the "finishing school for stars" so you can expect big things from this tiny girl.

Peg has the heritage of southern Italy in her veins. Being of Latin descent she has a natural inclination for the poetic and dramatic. Too often she longs for her people, sunny Italy and those blue skies of the Mediterranean. Perhaps that is what gives such a plaintive lilt to her songs.

When Peg isn't in the studios you are very apt to locate her at the theatre. Says she goes for the dramatic technique it teaches but mostly because she loves the acting.

IF YOU WANT
A RADIO
Beau
HE'S ELIGIBLE



What girl hasn't thrilled to the entrancing melody of Emery Deutsch's own composition, "Play, Fiddle, Play"? He's handsome and very much single.



More than once Emery has been the cause of girls staying home when they tuned in his Gypsy Orchestra and he was playing a violin solo.

Emery Deutsch

- AGE: Twenty-eight.
- HEIGHT: Five feet eleven.
- WEIGHT: 175 pounds.
- BIRTHPLACE: Budapest.
- HAIR: Dark brown and wavy.
- EYES: Light blue.
- FAVORITE SPORT: Track.
- FAVORITE FOOD: Steak.



EMERY DEUTSCH—tweeds, the pungent fragrance of tobacco, wooded groves and the hills with a dog trotting at his heels. Somehow you think of these when you are with Emery Deutsch or for that matter when you gaze at his picture.

When a kid he was brought to the United States. Several times his family returned to the Continent but America finally claimed Emery for its own.

One day he took enough time off from his favorite pastime of wandering and went to Columbia University. While there he earned the nickname of Kangaroo and won

numerous letters as a star track man. In 1924 he qualified for the Olympic track team but gave up this honor to woo the goddess Calliope.

Since then most of his time has been devoted to this muse of music, but now since he is so rapidly climbing to success he should have time for letters and visiting admirers.

If you visit New York don't be surprised if early some morning you happen to see this young fellow sprinting around the concourse at Central Park. It's another of his favorite ways of taking exercise.



Katherine Carrington

AGE: Twenty-five.
 HEIGHT: Five feet five.
 WEIGHT: 119 pounds.
 BIRTHPLACE: East Orange, New Jersey.
 HAIR: Golden Blonde.
 EYES: Hazel.
 FAVORITE SPORT: Swimming.
 FAVORITE FOOD: Chiffonade salad.



Katherine Carrington is the lovely soprano soloist you hear on those "Evenings in Paris" programs on Columbia, Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock E. S. T.

WHEN she walks into the room you know it. You might not even see her but you sense at once a change in atmosphere. Call it personality or what you will—she radiates—vibrates with life and movement. Katherine Carrington is that way.

Men like her and women like her. It is natural that she should have numerous friends of both sexes. So it has been since she was a tiny kid. Somehow she doesn't seem to exist for herself, but rather to express as many aspects of life as possible.

She demands incessant movement and varied impressions to the eye, to the emotions, to all the senses. No, it doesn't mean she's fickle, but life is so short a time in which to have friends, human experiences and affections. At the risk of even her professional career, she will not sacrifice these.

Katherine is delightfully precipitate. In the middle of a successful play on Broadway (she had the lead) she suddenly decided she must see London. Not next month or next year. But right away. She quit her job and in a few days she was on a ship. Worried about money? Why? She had enough to pay her fare, to see London, and return. Do you think it mattered to her that her professional career hung in the balance? Not at all. Off she went. And was not sorry.

A little hint in case a letter from you finds its way into her post box. If you are going to play around with Katherine you must have one thing—a good sense of humor. She sees the amusing side of everything that happens and somehow in her company your mind sharpens right up.

She has an amazingly wide taste in books—enjoys everything from boners to the very serious.

IF YOU WANT
 A RADIO
Wife
 SHE'S ELIGIBLE



Ah-h-h-h. Nino Martini—a downright good looking bachelor and a charming one. He Romps over the Columbia network and at the Metropolitan Opera.

NINO MARTINI has always been able to do tricks with his voice, like singing out of tune and higher than any of the other little boy sopranos in the church choir. Ever since he was a kid he has been roped-into singing soprano parts in all the local church bazaars, charities and concerts that came along. He didn't mind because it gave him excuse to play hooky from school. He was always doing that until his father finally gave up in despair and sent him to live with a local singing teacher where he received instruction and acted as an apprentice.

Life there was just as complicated as at home, only now he had to sing all day, eat special foods and was sent to bed at eight o'clock. All this was part of his training. Being a romantic kid he didn't like it, particularly the bed time hour. It didn't give him any time to wander over the fields, and moon in the starlight at the mythical tomb of those two immortal lovers of history—Romeo and Juliet. Yes, all his rival singers say he got a regular break by being born in such a romantic place. Maybe it did do a lot in shaping his career, but so did the strenuous regime he has been subject to since the day his father turned him over to the music teacher.

As for his singing—well, as you know, more than once during the opera performances they have had to put up "No Encore Allowed" signs. And that is a compliment for any artist. And over radio he has been so popular and his fans so numerous that they dictated to his sponsors the hour he was to sing.

He has traveled everywhere, been in concert, opera, radio and even movies. Tells us he likes the opposite sex as much as they like him. Now we are wondering who will bring this young gallant to a final decision in romance.



Nino Martini

AGE: Twenty-eight.

HEIGHT: Five feet eight.

WEIGHT: 150 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Verona, Italy.

HAIR: Black.

EYES: Dark brown.

FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis and Riding.

FAVORITE FOOD: Zobaglione.



Readers of RADIO STARS cast their votes and choose radio's ten most popular artists. So here they are

THEY WIN!

Joe Penner, new in radio, walks off with honors. Bing Crosby remains the girls' favorite he-man



Bing Crosby

Annette Hanshaw

Lawrence Tibbett

Jessica Dragonette

MALE POPULAR SINGER: BING CROSBY

FEMALE POPULAR SINGER: ANNETTE HANSHAW

MALE CLASSIC SINGER: LAWRENCE TIBBETT

FEMALE CLASSIC SINGER: JESSICA DRAGONETTE

POPULAR ORCHESTRA LEADER: RUDY VALLEE



Joe Penner

Put on your old gray robe while we don our golden crown and be ready when the great news comes. Here 'tis!

Jessica Dragonette, the lovely soprano of NBC's City Service Hour, has been adjudged the most popular female classic singer. Muriel Wilson ranked second in this division, followed by Lily Pons and then Rosa Ponselle.

The most popular male singer is still Bing Crosby. We



Don Ameche

June Meredith

Rudy Vallee

Guy Lombardo

POPULAR ORCHESTRA: GUY LOMBARDO'S

ACTRESS: JUNE MEREDITH

ACTOR: DON AMECHE

ANNOUNCER: JAMES WALLINGTON

COMEDIAN: JOE PENNER



James Wallington

say "still" because Bing has made a habit of winning polls. But close on his heels is Lanny Ross in second place. Rudy Vallee ranked third and Frank Parker is in fourth place.

Lawrence Tibbett came out on top in the division of male classic singers. Romantic Nino Martini is the second place winner, with John McCormick and Conrad Thibault in third and fourth places respectively.

Little Annette Hanshaw held her early lead to win first among the female popular singers. Second place went to Ethel Shutta, third to Ruth Etting and fourth to Kate Smith.

The honors for the most popular orchestra leader went to Rudy Vallee, the man who has remained popular so many years. Ben Bernie came next followed by Fred Waring and Wayne King. (Continued on page 97)

WHEN RADIO STARS Magazine conducts a national radio poll to determine our popular artists of the air, that's something to talk about. For is there any one of you who doesn't want to know what other listeners think of your favorites? After all, you know, readers of RADIO STARS (and they were the ones to do the voting) represent a good cross-section of opinion in this business called broadcasting.



(Left) George Hall is a friend that is a friend—ask anyone on Broadway. (Top) The orchestra loves to toot for this Maestro. Loretta Lee is the attractive singer.

That's George Hall—the one-man Salvation Army of Broadway

RADIO'S FATHER CONFESSOR

By LESTER GOTTlieb

It happened in Lindy's. Things have a way of happening in this favorite restaurant of Radio Row; in this tavern where gangsters rub elbows with tired tycoons. It was here that the fate of Arnold Rothstein was sealed. It is here over pencil-marked table cloths that stars are made over night or wrecked the next morning.

The stars of stage, screen and radio were eating their habitual late suppers, talking shop, talking sop. Smoke clouds from a hundred cigarettes clouded the air. A man entered. His appearance was shabby. He didn't seem to belong in this room where over-dressed Broadwayites wine and dined. He should have entered an eating place some fifty paces below—an automat. A wild sort of look was in his eyes. Avoiding the crowded table where Jack Pearl was seated, he went directly to the table of George Hall, dance band maestro of so many Columbia Broadcasting System programs.

The man spoke to George. "Say, George, did you hear

my program tonight? I knocked 'em dead!" His creased face was wreathed in smiles.

He didn't have any radio program and George knew it. "Cantor stole my last gags, but he won't do it again. I told my sponsor—" He began talking louder. People turned around and laughed. George grasped his hand, slipping him some bills. He knew the man had always had a truculent nature. There might be a scene. George's eyes pointed to the door. The man understood. He left quietly, shaking his head.

"Who was that fellow, George?" My curiosity was aroused.

"Poor fellow," he answered. "A couple of years ago he was one of the biggest comedians in vaudeville. Was up there with Cantor and Wynn. Then his mind went like that." George drew an imaginary circle with his index finger. "Persistently he has tried to crash the radio, even got so far as to get an audition. (Continued on page 90)

DON'T FORGET TO PLAY

By MARY JACOBS



(Top) The popular baritone himself—Phil Ducey, one of "The Men About Town." (Right) The singer and his understanding wife. (Extreme right) Even at this tender age he was an ace vocalist. Can't you almost hear his delightful song in this picture?



THE story of Phil Ducey should serve as a red light at the crossroads to every man and woman moving ahead in life, straining to reach the top.

How much and whom are you sacrificing in your struggle to forge ahead? Do you take time out to play? Are you making the identical mistakes Phil Ducey made? Stop and consider. Ducey sacrificed his first love, almost lost his wife, ruined his health. Surrendered everything worth having to feed his ambition before he realized what a perfect sap he was; before he wised up and deliberately set out to learn how to play.

June 15, 1925, proved the turning point in his life. It was on that day, just a year after his marriage, that his wife, Catherine Stroufe Ducey, left him.

With what high hopes they had come to New York from Indiana. Phil had received the coveted Juilliard Music Scholarship; success would be his at last. They just knew that they would live happily ever after.

Phil could easily pick up a few odd jobs to support himself while he studied. And the dark, slim, vivacious girl did not intend to become a burden to her young husband. She went right out and got a job as a salesgirl.

How they had looked forward to being in New York—and together. The Great White Way had seemed a street

Ambition is all very well, says Phil Ducey, but keep it in its place. Phil sacrificed love and health to find this out

of promise to the young couple.

And now Phil Ducey was putting Catherine on the train to Indiana. Somehow, things had not panned out as they had planned. Phil was at school from 10 to 5. He had gotten himself a job as a night clerk at the exclusive Harmonie Club; he was on duty from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. For Sundays and spare moments he had been engaged to sing in the choir of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York.

Catherine got home from work at 6 p.m. There was dinner to be prepared and served. Then Phil would practice piano or his vocal lessons. Soon he'd kiss her good-by. It was time for him to be going to work. He'd still be sleeping at 7 a.m. when she got up.

FOR young Mrs. Ducey, New York became a nightmare. Raised on a farm in Indiana, she had dreamed of gay life in the city, of dancing and night clubs, of going to parties. But she knew no one in New York. Broadway—why, she never saw it. Night clubs? She might just as well have been in Macy, Indiana. Parties? They didn't have time to make friends. Catherine was afraid to get friendly with strangers. So she'd go to the movies by herself; or read of other people's good times; or sit and dream of her girlhood days on the farm when Phil was courting her. Then she (Continued on page 78)

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL



Eddie Cantor just saw somp'n. Must be funny the way it's making Jimmy Wallington laugh.

If they've got a secret, it's your secret, too, because we snoop until we find out. And then the fun begins!

A RADIO baby is expected the first week in May. The parents-to-be are Mr. and Mrs. John McGovern. Mrs. McGovern, as you may know, is actress Peggy Allenby whose voice you've heard in "K-7," "Radio Guild," "Death Valley Days," the new Palmolive show and other NBC dramatic offerings. The husband is also an NBC actor. They were married in 1932.



At last, Harriet Hilliard is as free as the birds that sing. The annulment of her marriage to Roy Sedley, comedian, became effective in March. Afterwards, Harriet said: "I know reports are current that I am engaged to Ozzie Nelson, the orchestra leader. They are unwarranted. I have no intention of marrying again, ever." But those of us who've been keeping tabs have our doubts. Harriet's lawyer, Harry Oshrin, even has a bet with her that she will marry before a year is out.

WHAT next! NBC presents Margaret West as the "Texas Cowgirl." And it turns out that she has both a Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degree from the University of Texas; studied opera; was

"Hold everything," says Ted Florio to his boys, "Dick Powell's doin' a little croonin' to the Debutantes and to you gals listenin' at home."

(Right) The feller in this picture has been kidding you. Know how bewildered Cecil Lean is at Cleo Mayfield's remarks? Well, he writes 'em.



McElliot



They look like a couple of lovers and they are—on the air. Don Ameche and Sally Ward.



Bicycles made for two. Raymond Paige, Hollywood maestro, and Ethel Mermer.



Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. (l. to r.) Bill Mitchell, Robison, Pearl Pickens, John Mitchell.

engaged to sing with the Chicago Opera Company; during the past season was a Metropolitan Opera fan. Didn't know cowgirls were so up-and-coming, did you?

MYRTLE VAIL has finally found time to file suit for divorce from George Damerel. During the three years she has been on the air, Myrtle has seen daughter Donna (Marge) through a divorce and another romance which culminated at the altar with Jean Kretzinger, Columbia harmonizer, as the groom. In her action Myrtle charges her husband with desertion. They have been living apart since May, 1932, it is

stated. Damerel, who now resides in Los Angeles, was a musical comedy star twenty-five years ago. Myrtle met George Damerel in 1907 and they were married the same year in New Orleans. She was then just 16 years old. Later they played for years in vaudeville as a team. Six years ago Damerel engaged in the real estate business in Chicago and three years ago Myrtle Vail walked into the office of Phil Wrigley and sold him "Myrt and Marge."

Myrtle made no claim for alimony but asked custody of her son, George Damerel, Jr., 16 years old, a student at Pacific Military college near Los Angeles. Myrtle's divorce action has revived rumors of her romance with the Rudy Vallee of the Pampas. Argentinian Don Dean who flew up from Buenos Aires last Christmas to pay her a flying visit. Myrt maintains she will never marry again, however. Her intimates insist that she and George Damerel are friendly still and expect always to be so.

ANOTHER radio romance has gone awry! The day before Carmella Ponselle, sister of Rosa Ponselle, reached Chicago to sing with the Chicago Grand Opera company, the newspapers revealed that Francis X. Bushman, the first big star of the moviedom, had taken out a license to marry her. But when she arrived, reporters were confounded because the former matinee idol was not on hand to meet his fiancée. What they did not know was that Bushman at

that moment was on the air from WGN with Elizabeth Hines on his popular "Movie Personalities" program. Perhaps the dark eyed Carmella did not quite understand either. Suffice it to say the marriage license was not used. Later it was stated on behalf of Bushman that the wedding plans had been cancelled by mutual consent after Bushman's children by his first marriage, now grown up, had counseled against it. There was even the suggestion that the former screen idol might remarry his first wife. His second wife was Beverly Bayne, his leading lady of the celluloids.

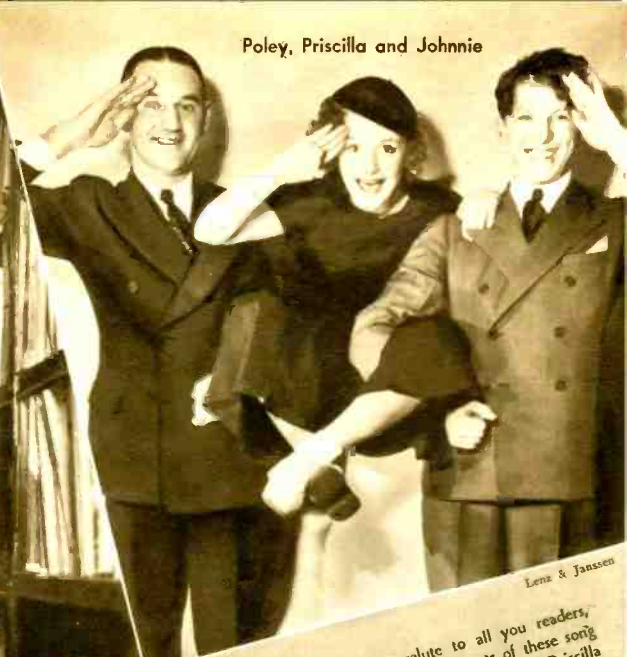
EMILIO DE GOGORZA, Spanish baritone appearing with Frank Black's NBC symphony orchestra this month, was born in Brooklyn. But don't get the wrong idea. He really is quite Spanish. It just happens that the stork visited Papa and Mamma de Gogorza while they were on a visit to America from their native Spain. And as soon as little Emilio could call himself a sailor, his parents hustled him back to the land where they were born.

WHAT about new programs for the coming weeks? Recent flashes, which may or may not have become realities by the time you read this, are that John B. Kennedy, NBC commentator and former associate editor of *Colliers* will be the whole show for Pontiac which shifts from CBS to NBC. (Continued on page X2)

Howard Barlow and Jules Matfeld



Poley, Priscilla and Johnnie



Lens & Janssen

(Above) Got him up a ladder. Yep, the fellow stand-
is Howard Barlow, conductor of the Columbia Sym-
phony Orchestra, with Jules Matfeld, in charge of
CBS's music library. (Below) Pappy, Ezra, Zeke
and Elton, you guessed it, they're the Ozark Hill
Billies, whom, as you see, like big safety pins.

(Above) Heigh ho and a salute to all you readers,
right straight from the heads and hearts of these song
shouters of Fred Waring: Poley McClintock, Priscilla
Lane and Johnnie Davis, (Below) The lady who suc-
cessfully mixes her careers, home making and broad-
casting for General Foods—Mrs. Frances Barton.

Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton



Mrs. Barton





WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SINGIN' SAM?

By BLAND
MULHOLLAND

WHAT IS SINGIN' SAM DOIN' WHEN HE AIN'T SINGIN'?

SINGIN' SAM has a lot of mighty tall explainin' to do, folks. He owes it to you who love his deep, rich, homey songs. He knows he does, too.

Last December Sam quit radio and became Harry Frankel once more. He'd made his money from broadcasting and was going to retire from the entertainment world once and for all. That was what most of you listeners were given to understand.

By the time you read this, the chances are he'll be back on the air booming out his old-time songs for his former sponsor.

What was behind this mysterious disappearing act? Was it, as some in studio circles hinted, that he had become unpopular with listeners? Had he disagreed with his sponsors? Was he tired of it all or did he want to give, not himself, but his listeners a rest?

What makes a radio star retire at the height of his fame, you might ask. Well, loudspeaker popularity is full of pitfalls. Fickle public opinion suddenly sets favorites on the side of the road and rushes heedlessly on to the next star. Was it the realization of such dangers which made Singin' Sam quit? Or did he really quit at all?

I went to Singin' Sam and put these questions to him squarely. Harry Frankel wants you to talk to him like that. His geniality is straightforward, unassumed. His mind is as rugged as his body. He doesn't beat around any bushes, he crashes straight through them. Yet you to whom his songs appeal know that he must be kindly, too. He is.

AS I walked up Broadway toward his hotel I was conscious of the hush which seems to fall over that great thoroughfare at dusk, when one by one the brilliant signs begin to flare out over the temples of amusement. It was the time of day when many of the most hard-

boiled Broadwayites feel a sort of reverent awe for this unparalleled spectacle.

How like Sam it is to pick a hotel just a few steps from the Great White Way. I realized then, that no matter how much he wanted to, Harry Frankel would never be able to stay out of the amusement world for long.

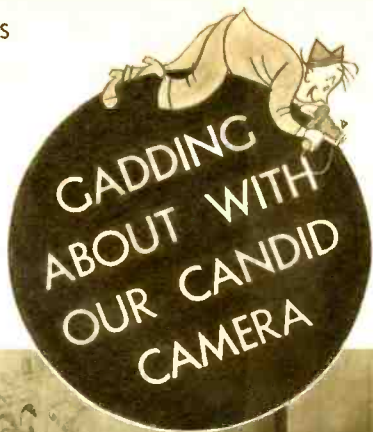
Show people all dream of a pretty country home with chickens and fresh vegetables, clean air and clean ideas. That's why you must understand before I tell you what actually happened during those months off the air, that Sam has a country home, a beautiful one—one he loves.

MOST of these people of the show world, you know, never have their dreams fulfilled. They go on doing the four-a-day, weary year in and year out. One day a trouper husband might collapse in the wings and die in a dingy hotel room. His wife carries on until some night she too goes the way of so many of them.

Such might well have been Harry Frankel's fate if he hadn't discovered radio as his salvation. For twenty-four years he'd played in show business in every state in the country and in many parts of Canada. He'd felt hunger clawing at his belly, felt it when he had no money to buy greasepaint he needed to earn pennies for food.

Sam had his thrilling ups and bitter downs in the minstrel days with Al G. Fields and Frank Tinney. With Joe Dunleve, he created the original "Two Black Birds."

Many of the old-timers he played with are gone—dead. Some might as well be dead, so completely have they been forgotten. That's why Harry Frankel considers it a lucky day when a friend asked him to advertise his lawnmower business over the air. When, in a short time, he'd brought in more orders than his manufacturer friend could fill, he was snatched up by another eager sponsor, for whom in a week's broadcast he brought (Continued on page 37)



When those fellers get done hollering, Vivien Ruth will give her fans a break with that lovely voice of hers. The guys holding up the show are the "Happy Wonder Bakers" (left to right) Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Phil Duey. (Below right) Johnny Green without his orchestra, and Ruth Eiting and Ted Husing huddled in a harmonious little get-together at the studio.

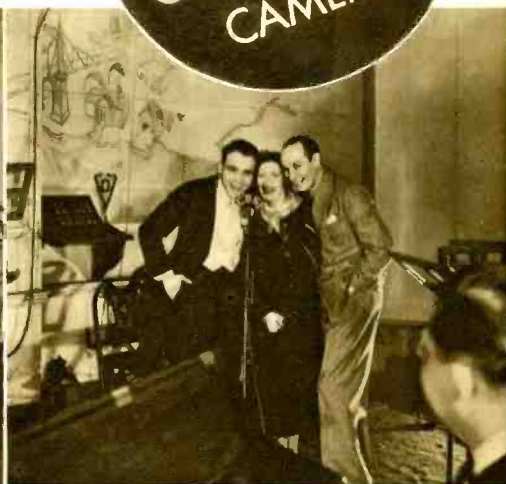


Foto News

(Below) Stretching—a good exercise, when it's the accordion, sez Phil Baker, but he swapped accordions with Martha Mears, singer on the Armour hour, to take it.

(Below) Cliff Soubier and June Meredith. When these two get together you can imagine the lively dialogue that breezes over the radio during "Talkie Picture Time."



RADIO STARS



(Below, left) It's the Baron Jack Pearl Munchausen, or so he tells us. The Baron, as always, is showing off, this time it's his figure in Florida.

(Below, right) We hope Jeannie Lang and Jack Whiting see their pictures on a hot summer day. Won't they wish for winter again?



Foto News



Wide World

(Below) "The Household Memories." Fraulein Alice Mock, (left to right) Charles Sears, Tom, Dick, Edgar Guest, the poet, and Harry. And we're not kidding you.

(Below) The "Buck Rogers" program going over the air. (Left to right) Adele Ronson (Wilma Deering), Edgar Stelhi (Dr. Huer) and Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers).



Tenor Richard Crooks isn't laughing, that's just the way he looks when he sings. Crooks and Lawrence Tibbett, both leading opera singers, take turns singing on "The Voice of Firestone."

Broadway figures—like 'em? (Left to right) Vera Van, Vincent Lopez, Jack Whiting, and Jack Denny. They're going to drink that stuff for three weeks. For their figures, they say.

Wide World

Mary Livingston—yep, Jack Benny's favorite stooge and wife. That love light in her eyes is better than all this southern sunshine, Benny, and a whole lot more certain and dependable than old Sol.

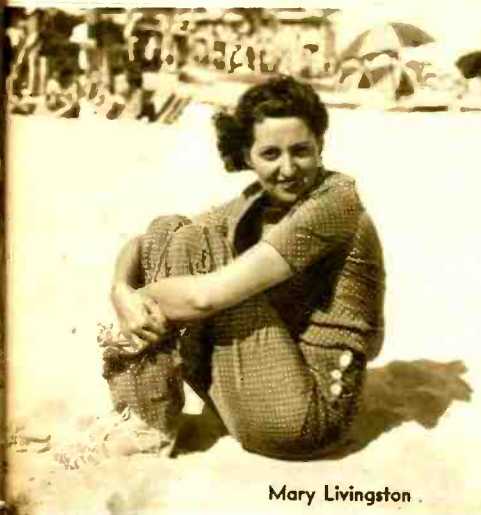
This is Belgium and Wade Booth, that vagabond bard and philanthropist. He goes all over the world having glamorous adventure and then he sings about it, just like the bards of story book fame did.



Richard Crooks



Just Grapefruit



Mary Livingston



A Bard of O

GADDING ABOUT WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA

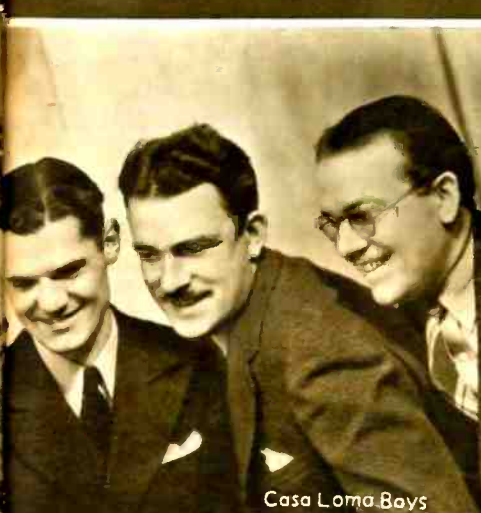


A Party for Dogs

Wide World



Clara, Lu, 'n' Em



Casa Loma Boys

Culver



Scrappy Lambert

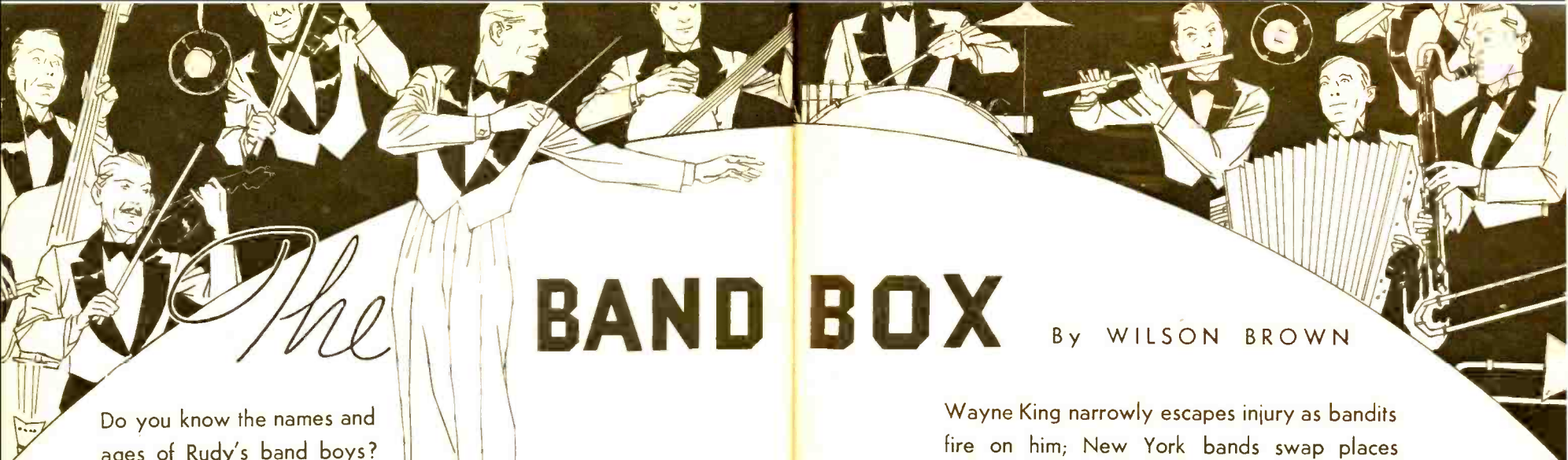
McElliot

Dogs—a party for favored pups. (Left to right) Rudy Vallee with Windy, Joe Penner with Musse, Hal LeRoy with Butch, and Tullio Carminati with Dark Hazzard. They all enjoyed the party.

They're taking it serious, this business of broadcasting. (Left to right) Em, (Helen King), Clara (Louise Starkey), Gene Paul King, their director and no relation to Em, and Lu (Isobel Carothers).

Meet Kenneth Sargent and Walter Hunt (Kenny and PeeWee to you) The rose between the two vocalizing thorns of the Casa Loma Orchestra is Maestro Glen Gray. They wrote this caption.

Scrappy Lambert all by his lonesome. Wants you to know his big baritone does solos as well as blending in melody with his trio of pals in quartet. How do you like him and his warbling, anyway?



The

BAND BOX

By WILSON BROWN

Do you know the names and ages of Rudy's band boys?

Wayne King narrowly escapes injury as bandits fire on him; New York bands swap places



Jacques Renard, CBS, (above) rivals B. A. Rolfe, NBC, for heavyweight honors among bandmen.



Pedro Via is that guy playing Cuban ditties over NBC's blue-network four times a week.



Lettie Lee waves a baton over an all male band over KGER, Los Angeles. Congrats Lettie.



Mary Danis finds it's easy to sing for Enoch Light, CBS. He's her well-known husband.



Here you are—you Al Pearce fans. Al's guitarist. Tony Romano, on NBC from the West Coast.



"Smooth as silk"—that's Ted Weems, the Realsilk pilot on NBC Sundays from Chicago.

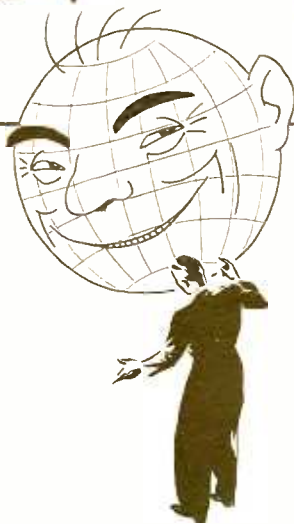
• Late March and April saw one of the biggest shifts in orchestras and other artists that we've seen since last summer. Don Bestor deserted the Nestle program in order to get the new General Tire spot with Comedian Jack Benny who recently left the Chevrolet show. Don also has taken up his stand at the Hotel Pennsylvania in Manhattan where George Olsen used to hold forth. Olsen is now on tour. His wife, Ethel Shutta, also left the Nestle program in order to go along with hubby. For the first time in many summers, Guy Lombardo will not be at the Pavillon on Long Island, but is moving into the Waldorf-Astoria, New York's smartest hotel. Dick Messner is making music at the Hotel Piccadilly over CBS wires after a run at London Terrace in Manhattan.

Sam Robbins, formerly on the NBC from the Hotel McAlpin, is now a CBS feature. B. A. Rolfe decided to leave his Hudson-Terraplane program (it's said there was sponsor trouble) to wield a baton in the Avenue Restaurant, Fifth Avenue, New York, formerly known as the "Old Happiness Restaurant." His singer, by the by, is Zora Layman who, in private life, is none other than Mrs. Frank Luther, wife of the tenor. Ex-Lax and Isham Jones didn't get along so well on "nature's way to health" program, so out went Isham and in came Erno Rapee. Erno, you know, already is holding down the limit hour on CBS and directing the Radio City Music Hall orchestra through five shows a day. He's

a man who just doesn't have time to sleep or eat. Maybe that's why he's thin. Ex-Lax now is broadcasting from great big Carnegie Hall so 3,000 people can watch the exotic performances of Gertrude Niesen and Erno. Victor Young no sooner finished his Pond's series than he succeeded Frank Black as maestro for Chevrolet, while Frank Black again set about directing symphony orchestras up at NBC. Barney Rapp, whom you heard last from the Hotel New Yorker over CBS and from the Netherlands Plaza in Cincinnati over WLW, is back in New York with a band organized and ready for the first job that comes along. He may get his New Yorker back some of these days. Or he may take some out-of-town dates.

When the Marx Brothers became advertisements for American Oil on CBS, off went Jack Denny's band. Why? Well some say the oilers had to pay the Marxs so much they couldn't afford Jack. So Freddie Martin, who just completed a run at the Hotel Savoy-Plaza in New York, got the spot. Rubinoif, spotted in the Hotel Roosevelt at this writing, is due to go to Hollywood soon. In which case this New York hostelry will be looking for a new maestro. Jan Garber of "The Yeast Foamers" hour will be on the air from Catalina Island this summer from a Phil Wrigley spot it's reported. . . . Art (Hell's Bells) Kassel has his "Kassels in the Air" over WLW from the Netherlands Plaza in Cincinnati. . . . Ted (Continued on page 86)

We'll tell the world!



HUZZAH! Huzzah! Huzzah! Someone's taken your Uncle Answer Man seriously. Miss Ann Graves of California, smart gal that she is, knew that Unkie answered only those questions asked most often. So, by actual count, she asked her question sixteen times in one letter.

For such astuteness, she gets the Answer Man's award of a hand-tooled question mark, engraved with her name, and placed in his front hall of fame with his second prize for the underwater swim. But don't any of you try it. It won't work, not even if you put your questions in separate envelopes and disguise your handwriting. (By the way, if you must do this, mail them on different days. That'll mystify Unkie no end.)

No fooling, he's sort of serious about not answering questions personally and about your confining them to two a month apiece.

Now to see if he really knows all the answers.

+ Q. When will Floyd Gibbons be back on the air? (That was what bothered Miss Graves.)

A. Goodness, right away there's an answer Unkie doesn't know. But then neither do the networks, or for that matter, does Gibbons.

+ Q. Are Mr. and Mrs. Billy Batchelor really and truly married?

A. Half of them is. Raymond Knight is married to Ruth Adams Yingling who, under the name of Ruth Adams Peiter, used to be literary editor of the Toledo Times. But the other, if not better, half of the Batchelors, Alice Davenport, is single.

+ Q. We just love your stories on Lanny Ross, but can't you give us some cold, hard biographical details?

A. From the way you girls ask about Lanny, no facts I could give would seem cold and hard. How-

ever, his honest-to-goodness name is Lancelot Patrick Ross, which he's borne since he was born on January 19, 1906, in Seattle, Washington. The blood that courses through his veins is English, Welsh and Scotch. (What, Patrick for a middle name and no Irish blood?) He went to school in Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Montreal and other cities, then to Taft prep and Yale. He first studied singing when a boy soprano at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He was first on the air over NBC while still at Yale. How well the Answer Man remembers seeing him sing there, his mother at the piano, Lanny is 6 feet one and one-half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blue gray eyes, fair complexion and medium brown hair. He dislikes all creamed or highly seasoned foods. He's not married nor engaged, nor will he tell what kind of a girl he likes. Do you think he wants to be mobbed?

+ Q. What's happened to Jack Arnold who used to play with Myrt and Marge?

A. Behind the footlights in vaudeville. It's doubtful if he'll ever come back to his old program.

+ Q. Bet you can't give the cast of Betty and Bob.

A. Can so. Look, like this.

Betty—Beatrice Churchill; Bob—Don Ameche; Marcia—Betty Winkler; Tony Harker—Don Briggs; Madeleine—Loretta Poynton; Gardenia—Edith Davis; George Hartford—Arthur Jacobson; Jane Hartford—Dorothy Schreiber; Mr. Burt—Bob Fisk; Mr. Douglass—Butler Mandeville; Baby—Dolores Gillen; and Mrs. Vickers—Mary McCormick. Come on now, pay up.

+ Q. Is June Meredith of the First Nighter, married?

A. Not today, thank you.

+ Q. We'd simply adore to have you print something about Conrad Thibault?

A. Delighted to. He's the lad who was encouraged by Calvin Coolidge when he was singing in a Northampton, Massachusetts, church choir. Prior to that, he'd gone to school in Northbridge where he was born November 13, 1906, of French extraction. He started radio in Philadelphia and later spent four years in the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. He likes football and hockey, plays tennis and golf, and likes to swim. He is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, has brown eyes, dark brown hair and olive complexion. Conrad is a widower.

+ Q. Can you give the heights, weights and ages of Babs Ryan, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane and Irene Taylor?

A. Ah, now you've hit on statistics which Uncle A. M. finds rather fascinating. Babs—five feet three and one-half inches tall, 112 pounds, twenty years old; Priscilla—five feet two inches tall, 108 pounds, seventeen years old; Rosemary—five feet three and three-quarters inches tall, 108 pounds, eighteen years old, and Irene—four feet eleven inches tall, 110 pounds and twenty-five years old.

+ Q. Is Charles Lyons, the announcer, married?

(Continued on page 89)

FROM INVALID'S BED TO BROADWAY . . . By DENA REED

HAVE you ever been a child with your nose flattened against the baker's window, longing, your whole soul longing, for the sweets you can never taste?

Or perhaps you've been the child standing just next to him, who once *did* have a taste and so know what you've missed. Your eyes are a bit more wistful and the slump of your shoulders is just a little deeper. Whichever fellow you've been, you'll agree this second boy tugs more at your heartstrings.

But can you believe it, incredible truth reveals that Broadway's own hill-billy, Walter O'Keefe, no less, is such a second boy? We know you will shake your head and say, "Not the Walter O'Keefe *we* know, not the wise-cracking lad who sings those wicked songs in his own imitable way! Not that boy!"

The truth is that Walter O'Keefe, at the age of twenty, was faced with a doctor's verdict that he might never walk again! And he can still clown like that? Yes, paradoxically as it may seem, that is the reason for his clowning.

What brought him through, you are asking. And what, indeed, do people such as Walter have that challenges defeat—that overcomes all obstacles?

Let us consider his life and piece together the pattern of that crazy-quilt that is the Walter O'Keefe who is a puzzle and a great inspiration at the same time.

Walter was born in Hartford, the son of Michael O'Keefe, a famous vaudevillian. Here, then, is the background of good, God-fearing stock, of folks who toiled and tramped. They weren't well-off, but they were "comfortable," and when Walter, the eldest of four, was selected by his mother to become a priest, he agreed, with casual good humor which is an integral part of his nature, to be sent to Wimbleton School in England, where his uncle, who was a chaplain, could keep an eye on his promising nephew.

But Walter soon found that life was more fun than a priest could comfortably enjoy, and this youth who turned this trait to account in his dark hour, faced the facts. When

Calamity chiseled a niche in the entertainment world for a funny man, when Walter O'Keefe, on intimate terms with tragedy, used it to make others laugh



Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hill Billy, makes merry with Ethel Shutta on the Nestlé program over NBC.

England entered the war and Walter was sent home to complete his prep training at St. Thomas Academy, he said to his mother, "Ma, I don't think I want to be a priest. Gosh, I see so many funny things in life—I, I just laugh at the wrong time!"

MRS. O'KEEFE sighed, but this bonny Irish lad of hers had a way with him, and she smiled, too, as she said, "Go 'long with you!" She probably realized, too, in the quiet, wise way that mothers have, that while Walter was agreeable to her suggestions, he was able and willing to look eye-to-eye at facts as he found them, and he was firmly determined now against the priesthood.

So Walter wrote a letter to Notre Dame saying he wanted to attend the famous school and would be willing to work his way through. Here is revealed his most striking trait—a oneness of purpose for which he is willing to sacrifice, work and, if need be, to die for! An encouraging reply started Walter on that eventful trip to South Bend, Indiana.

That first year he roomed at the famous Knute Rockne home, and, lest you believe his curriculum was an easy one, here's an outline of his routine at that time: Up before daylight and from 6 to 8 in the morning he worked as a telephone boy at the office of the South Bend *News-Times*; then he dashed off to classes. From 12:30 to 1:15 he rehearsed with the glee club. From 3 to 4:30 he pasted botanical specimens in the chemistry lab where Rockne was an instructor. From 5:30 to 9 he was at the newspaper office again answering the telephone and running errands. That he even found time to take part in a musical show, reveals his capacity for severe self-mastery.

This musical show gave O'Keefe his first unforgettable taste in the art of entertaining, the art of making others laugh—as he would some day come to do in the face of stark tragedy!

After graduation O'Keefe naturally gravitated toward a newspaper office and worked as a reporter, an advertising man and a real estate operator. It was the time of the Florida land boom, and he made and lost a fortune there. He was finding his niche (Continued on page 75)



Ruth Etting and a king had a hand in making these dishes



General Foods

(Above) Grape Zip adds a delightful touch of color to any menu. (Right) Ruth Etting shows you the proper way to arrange the table for buffet service.



By
MRS. ALICE
PAIGE MUNROE



Hormel

(Above) Onion soup—a dish made famous by a French king several hundred years ago and has remained on the connoisseur's menu ever since.

HAVE you a June bride in your home? Then here's good news. Ruth Etting is going to give us some valuable tips on how to prepare the perfect wedding breakfast or supper. So there's one perplexing problem you can scratch right off the list that confronts you on that momentous occasion. I advise every one of you to listen to what Ruth says, even if you're not celebrating a marriage. For after all, her hints are adaptable to that important dinner you must eventually give for Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So. And there's certainly no reason for not treating the family to these tempting dishes. Lobster Croquettes, for instance, brighten up any dinner, and the Fruit Punch or the Grape Zip, two warm weather specials, will make a great hit with everyone.

"I've noticed for one thing," Ruth told me, "that the smartest wedding breakfasts and suppers are simple. The breakfast or the supper can be served at small tables or from a buffet, whichever way you prefer. Both methods make serving easy.

"The bridal party," Miss Etting continued, "is seated at a table placed somewhat aside from the other guests. (Even at the buffet service they are apart.) At the table sit the bride and groom, bridesmaids and ushers. The parents of the couple also sit there, but at a buffet service it's better for them to move among the guests.

tall, white candles near the cake. The silver, napery and china are laid out on the table.

"The piece de resistance, of course, is the bride's cake, rich and brilliant with its glistening white frosting. This year, the round, one-tiered cake is popular. The initials of the bride and groom are frosted on top."

YOU can make the gleaming bride's cake at home. Don't be afraid to attempt it. I've included a grand recipe for it, together with a delectable white frosting, in my June recipe folder which is yours for the asking.

"The soup is served in bouillon or tea cups," Ruth continued. "And do you know, everybody likes onion soup?"

"Do I know it! I should say. And only recently a new canned onion soup was brought to my attention. It has a savory taste that will tickle anybody's palate. I'll be glad to tell you about it if you are interested.

Of course if you want to make your own onion soup here's how: Cut 6 onions into (Continued on page 84)

IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Got any designs on your favorite
life guard? Here's how you can
win the handsome fellow

By

Caroline Belmont



HERE it is almost time for a swim and you haven't had one bit of instruction about your figure. No one has scolded you since last September and summer is just around the corner again. Look at yourself and see what the cold weather has done to you. Turn on your brightest light tonight, slip out of your clothes and squarely face those dangerous curves ahead.

Just as I thought. You stick way out in the wrong places and are as flat as my billfold in front. Yes, I know you are going to say, "But I don't weigh anymore; well—er, that is—I don't *think* I do." But—remember—the tape measure doesn't fib.

In those chilly days you hopped the first bus that came along instead of walking. And of course it is natural to slump into your coat collar when the wintry blasts blow down your neck. Then on top of this you haven't eaten as much fruit and fresh vegetables as you do in spring and summer. So now you've gone and gotten all soft and flabby and roundly out of shape.

Well, this month you are in for a regular preachment

on exercise, whether you need to reduce, or to gain, or just need general shaping up. You want your figure to be a target for admiration when you put on one of those new bathing suits with no back and scarcely any middle. And if you aren't going in for swimming, you'll need these exercises to induce that slim silhouette so necessary to enhance summer sports clothes.

Oh, yes, I'll include some new beauty stunts and latest fripperies before I finish, but first you must lend me your ear, as Marc Antony once said, and I'll give you some *fundamental* beauty tips. I might even tell you how to cover up a blotch on the end of your nose or obliterate a scar that would mar that "school girl complexion." However, I've got to be honest. I know no trick that can conceal ungainly curves and angles except exercise. For there is no short cut to a lovely figure. Girdles might help to hold in your tummy and hips a bit, and the type of clothes you choose may be of some assistance, but you just cannot hide an awkward figure. Nothing can remedy it but twisting and bending and jumping, and no one can do this for you but you. (Continued on page 87)

Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde
But Too Bad on the Brunette



MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE
WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's

enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage, coarse re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is

used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dulllest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS
NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. MARCHAND CO. MM6-34
251 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.

5c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

No More Love

(Continued from page 35)

radio artist, some are certain to accuse her of wanting to trade on his name. Gertrude Niesen was escorted by Mario Braggiotti of the famous piano team, to a recent party given by RAYNO STARS. It was not the first time they'd appeared in public together, and already the gossipers had biased themselves with conjecture.

"But that's ridiculous," Gertrude said to me when I told her about it. "Mario's a grand person. He's so impulsive and amusing and very much the gallant Italian gentleman. I like him very much, but he's really just a friend."

It wasn't so long ago that Gertrude was going about a bit with Freddie Rich, the orchestra leader. "You'd think," some said, "that Fred would have had enough of women after all his marriage and divorce troubles." At that time Gertrude was worried by such criticism. Now she takes it more gracefully.

AS a matter of fact, she used to hate Freddie thoroughly. He was the orchestra leader with whom she worked when she first appeared on the air over a year ago. They fought all the time they were together in the studios. Suddenly they realized their folly, forgot their little battles and became very good friends. But Gertrude will assure you that there was no thought of marriage between them at any time.

There was one time during which she and a certain man waltzed madly up and down the scale of love for many days. It happened in the earlier part of her radio career. Perhaps it was before she had learned the danger of association with men of her own world. He was a New York newspaper columnist, young and serious, already making a name for himself with his unique style. Night after night they would be seen together. Then would come a period of separation. "They've had another fight. Not so good for her publicity," was the unkind gossip that would course through the studios. A few nights later they'd be seen together again. Back and forth the romance went, until one night, it snapped off altogether.

Some of the studio people maintain that the little paragraphs appearing in a newspaperman's column concerning the nameless writer who was eating his heart out for the nameless star, meant these two. Perhaps. But what had been a real flash of romance passed.

THE last time I saw Gertrude was in her dressing room in Radio City Music Hall where she was appearing at the time. A stringent rule which bars all but the actors and those directly concerned with the stage production is in force there. In her considerate manner, Gertrude dashed about to ask several executives for an exception in my case. They shook their heads.

"Miss Niesen," said one severely, "what you do outside this theatre, how you conduct your private life, is no concern of ours. But a man in your dressing room? No."

(Continued on page 71)

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-EE! That sun dazzles you—
shining on my washline!

See! Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white!*

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "trick" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real soap*—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is *Fels-Naptha—the golden bar with lots of dirt-loosening napha in it!*

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stub-

born dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—safely!

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lineneic, silk stockings and woolsens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



© 1934, FELS & CO.



**"More good news! . . .
Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the
lowest price in almost twenty years!"**

No More Love

(Continued from page 69)

Fortunate Gertrude has an excellent sense of humor. After long explanations she finally gained entrance for me. But you can readily see from this experience the attitude with which she has to contend.

It was at that time I asked her if she ever intended to marry. She lay back a little wearily on the pillows on which she had been resting. She was tired. That was quite apparent. She'd been working hard.

I wondered for a moment if she'd become sick of it all and finally succumb to marriage, risking the sacrifice of her career.

You see, her career means a lot to her. What, then, was her answer to my question about her marriage? She half closed those Oriental eyes, smiled a little, then shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. But if you say the things about me you say they do, I don't mind. It used to hurt me terribly, but I don't worry any more. It's bad for me and my work. I just take things as they come now."

Yes, there's a distinct touch of fatalism in her attitude toward life. Yet she's level-headed, despite her impulsiveness and hazy manner.

Don't think for a minute, however, that she's either cold or calculating about love and marriage. She just knows that if she wants a career, marriage is a pretty dangerous thing to contemplate just now.

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 23)

it through the window. The minute the piano was in the—2nd hand, and installment plan—George, the tough guy, started to fool with it, pecking out tunes with one finger.

"George, you let that thing alone," his mother said. "That's for your brother Isadore to take lessons on."

Isadore—Fra, today, and the man who writes the words for George's music—took lessons, thumping do-re-mis by the hour, but he might as well have been pounding out horseshoes on an anvil. He couldn't learn to play George just tooting around with the keys, learned right from the start. He kept it secret from the guys in his gang.

One day he was sitting with his gang in the school yard at noon. Maxie Rosen was playing the violin in the auditorium for the teachers and any of the kids who wanted to listen. Maxie was a child prodigy and a sissie—one of the Maggies. George and his pals did not want to listen. But through the windows, came the strains of "Humoresque." George didn't let on to the gang, but the music was doing something queer to his insides. "Can ya imagine listenin' to that stuff?" he sneered. But that

(Continued on page 73)



● "Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"



● "We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"



● "Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoo-hoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"



● "Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. B, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 70)



NOW
COLOR
YOUR
LINGERIE

THIS NEW WAY
that LASTS
and LASTS
and LASTS!
as ordinary
"surface colors"
never can!

IT'S simply marvelous the way color STAYS IN when you use Rit—so clear, so sparkling, so professional—it never looks "dyed," never stiffens the material.

And the new Rit is easier to use than ever before—very different from the Rit of a few years ago—different from any other product you have ever used. Just break off part of the tablet—watch it dissolve like lump sugar—notice that Rit doesn't dust out of the package like powder dyes—doesn't leave specks of undissolved dye around the bowl. That's why you never have streaks and spots. And notice how the fabric itself soaks in the color—because of one patented element in Rit that no other rit or dye possesses. Be sure you get Rit.

NEW RIT
LASTS LONGER
BECAUSE IT
SOAKS IN DEEPER

33 Rit Colors—a complete color range to meet every need. Easy to use—shades in every shade—and so LASTING—Rit will help you to dress attractively, brighten your home and economize sensibly!

- ✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:
- Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
 - Lingerie Bridal Sets Table Cloths Children's
 - Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH



NEW!
No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

- KSD WOL WIDR WMO WKOP WKY
KTHS WJLA KPHO WQAL KQA
- 9:30 EDT (14)—Party Gentle Nielsen, torch singer; Erno Rappper orchestra; guest stars.
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 10:00 EDT (14)—Wayne (Walt) King's orchestra. (Ledy Esther).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 10:00 EDT (14)—Continental Program, soothing words and music. Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Land; male quartet; Margaret L. Eastman orchestra. Jean Paul, announcer.
WJPT WJLO WJPH WJWH WJWB WJTH
WJTB WJLO WJPH WJWH WJWB WJTH
WJTB WJLO WJPH WJWH WJWB WJTH
WJTB WJLO WJPH WJWH WJWB WJTH
- 10:15 EDT (14)—Mey and Margie. (Wiegles).
WJHM WJWH KJMO WJAZ KJMO
WJWB WJWH KJEA WJLA
WJAZ WJWB KJMA WJLO KTHL
KJLZ KJLZ KJLN KJLN KJLN
KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN
KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN
KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN
- 11:00 EDT (14)—Andy, Republican.
WJWZ WJZL KWK WJLN WJHL
WKY KOAL WJTL WJSM KJAL
KTHL WJAZ KSTP WJLA
KTHL WJAZ WJLA WJLA KJAZ
KJL KJL WJLO WJLO (See also 7:00 P.M.)
- 11:30 EDT (14)—Voice of Firestone.
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
(See also 6:00 P.M. EDT)

TENTHOURS

- (See 1st, 8th, 13th, 22nd and 29th)
- 9:15 7:00-7:20 7:25-8:00 A.M. EDT—Toner
Hour. Everlasts.
(For stations see Monday)
- 9:30 EDT (14)—The Mystery Chef. IR B.
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 10:15 EDT (14)—Lara. Edna Kern.
(For stations see Monday)
- 10:30 EDT (14)—Today's Children.
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 11:15 EDT (14)—Bill Welfare Program.
(General Goals)
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 11:30 EDT (14)—Tommy Jones homages, yarns
and philosophy. (Fragi Keran and Sam-
my White, piano team. (Johnston Floor
Wax).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 12:00 Noon EDT (14)—The Voice of Experience.
(For stations see Monday)
- 12:30 EDT (14)—National Farm and Home
Hour.
(For stations see Monday)
- 1:00 EDT (14)—Marie, the Little French
Princess. Dramatic sketch. (Millard
Producers).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 1:15 EDT (14)—Tommy Morrison. (Muscle. (Mar-
low Co.).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 1:30 EDT (14)—Easy Aces. Easy to peek
sketches. (Ledy Esther).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL

- WKID WKIV WAO WNAO WJAN
WNAO WJHM WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN
KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN KJLN
- 2:00 EDT (14)—Just Plain Bill.
(For stations see Monday)
- 2:15 EDT (14)—Romance of Helen Trent.
(Dramatic sketch. (Millard Producers).
(For stations see Monday)
- 3:30 EDT (14)—Woman's Radio Review.
(For stations see Monday)
- 4:00 EDT (14)—Hoty and Hoty.
(For stations see Monday)
- 5:00 EDT (14)—Ships.
(For stations see Monday)
- 5:15 EDT (14)—The Singing Lady.
(For stations see Monday)
- 5:30 EDT (14)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday)
- 5:45 EDT (14)—Frank Merriwell's Adven-
tures.
(For stations see Monday)
- 6:15 EDT (14)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday)
- 6:30 EDT (14)—Navy's Great's Orchestra
with Mrs. Frances Vida
(For stations see Monday)
- 6:45 EDT (14)—Ethel Rogers.
(For stations see Monday)
- 6:50 EDT (14)—Bobo Benson.
(For stations see Monday)
- 7:00 EDT (14)—Jack Armstrong.
(For stations see Monday)
- 7:15 EDT (14)—Little Orphan Annie.
(For stations see Monday)
- 7:30 EDT (14)—Yarns in Andy.
(For stations see Monday)
- 7:45 EDT (14)—Easy Aces.
(For stations see Monday)
- 7:50 EDT (14)—Irene Jackson, vocalist;
orch. (Thompson).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 8:00 EDT (14)—Ethel Rogers.
(For stations see Monday)
- 8:15 EDT (14)—The Golden Bunch.
(For stations see Monday)
- 8:30 EDT (14)—Eun Marie Blue, Edward
Reese and John MacIntyre star in another
superior Broadway story drama, se-
cond half tomorrow night.
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 8:45 EDT (14)—Little Jack Little and his
orchestra. (Continental Baking Corp.).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 8:55 EDT (14)—The Voice of Experience.
(Wax).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 9:00 EDT (14)—Lady Esther, soprano.
9:15 EDT (14)—King's undulating dance music.
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 9:30 EDT (14)—Conrad Thibault, baritone;
Lala Bennett, soprano. (Harry Saiter's
orch.; choir. (Hudson Motor).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 9:45 EDT (14)—Walter Winchell's poly-
phony. Benne Herie and his Blue Bluff
orchestra. (Folby).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 9:50 EDT (14)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; Alice
Morgan, soprano. (Josef Koop-
ner's Orchestra, make up Household
Musical Menagerie).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL
- 9:55 EDT (14)—Hayden, Here's Ruth Kitting
with Johnny Loren's orchestra and a
chorus. (Hilfsmobile).
WABO WAD WAKO WAO WNAO
WJAN WJPD WJSP WJWH WKWV
WJWB WJWC WKAN WKAP
WNAO WJAN WJPH WJPT WJPT
WJTB WJHM WJWZ WJHM KMH
WJAZ KMOA KJLD WJLO
WJW WJSP WJZ KSL KJEN KJL
KJN KJBN KJL KJPH KJH KJL
KJL KJL KJL KJL KJL

(Continued on page 71)

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 71)

afternoon after school he ditched the gang and hung around from three o'clock till four-thirty waiting for Maxie to come out.

Interested in music! But George and Maxie were friends from that moment on just the same. It was George the kids called Maggie now. He pretended not to care. He took Maxie, the child prodigy, home with him and showed him how he could play the piano. "You're hum," said Maxie nothing if not frank. "You'll never be any good." George's own mother wanted him to give up the piano, too, especially as the year drew on and he got ready to leave high school. (George was never any good in school. Two years at the High School of Commerce was as far as he got.)

"I should let my son be a no-good piano player for fifteen a week!" said Mrs. Gershwin.

And that was just how much he got when he went to work as a plunger in Tin Pan Alley. George stood the noise for three or four years and then took a job pounding a piano at Fox's City Theater. He figured if he could find a little quiet he might be able to write some songs of his own.

The first night at the theater an act with half a dozen chorus girls and a comedian came out on the stage. George began thumping out the smudged bundle of music they had handed him before the performance. About halfway through it struck him that he was playing one song and the girls were singing another. The comedian came down to the footlights, leaned over to look at him in the pit, and asked, "Say, are you a piano player or a drummer?" George got up, put on his hat, went out to the box office and asked for his pay.

Next he tackled a revue. It was called "Half Past Eight," and it opened in Syracuse, advertising "A Chorus of Fifty New York Beauties." As a matter of fact it didn't have a single chorus girl. The newspapers said, "Not worth the war tax"—which was a dime. And that was all.

"People are sure because there aren't any chorus girls," George realized. "Look—tonight we'll dress all the men up in Japanese kimonos and let them do a dance. They can hold Japanese parasols in front of their faces and the audience'll think they're girls."

It was a swell idea except that, when the time came, the cheap paper parasols refused to open. They stuck. The audience could see the girls well enough to know they weren't girls, especially since half of them were black.

But just about then Al Jolson, playing in his own show, "Sinbad," heard an orchestra somewhere playing a tune that tickled his sense of rhythm and, more important, his sense of showmanship. Its name was "Swanee." He bought the rights to it and sang it in "Sinbad." It spread over the country like wildfire. There was

(Continued on page 75)

MAYBELLINE eye makeup lends glamour to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye makeup adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"

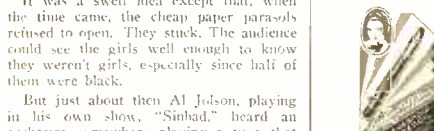


Maybelline EYE MAKE-UP beautifies EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on genuine Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.



MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queerly 50"



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, it is entirely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 75)

no radio in those days, but 2,250,000 phonograph records alone were sold of it, to say nothing of the sheet music.

George Gershwin was made. He was famous overnight. He had written "Swanee."

He is still pretty much the same kid that wrestled on the dirty asphalt of Seventh Street and never could keep one pants leg up. Luck made him first a Maggie and then a millionaire—but, way down deep, he still wishes he was a mugg. Here's the story about him that I'll always remember. Seeing some kids playing baseball on a vacant lot one afternoon he stopped on the sidewalk to watch. One of the kids said, " Wanna play, Mister?" George's eyes shone, but his face fell. He walked away. " Naw," he said, " I gotta be careful of my hands."

They're insured for a couple of hundred thousand.

But he would have given both of them, at that moment, just to play one game of ball.

From Invalid's Bed to Broadway

(Continued from page 63)

and he felt the experiment worth while, though he never deluded himself that he was "set." Then he came to New York, got a movie contract and went to Hollywood to work in a picture.

Life, to Walter, was just one great, big glorious adventure! He was broadening his experiences and realized it. It was 1920 and life looked pretty sweet.

Then came the bill which swept the country, mowing down some of its youngest, finest and strongest! The infantile paralysis epidemic! It spread like wild-fire, striking indiscriminately, affecting high and low, descending upon Hyde Park and crippling a fine, upstanding young politician, one Franklin D. Roosevelt, then going here, there and everywhere leaving in its wake thwarted lives, thwarted hopes and thwarted careers.

For three long months Walter lay on his back in a hospital in Hartford while the O'Keefes just waited—and prayed—prayed until their prayers were answered.

Walter simply won't talk of that time, without one actually demanding, and when he does, it's with the flippancy of the Walter O'Keefe of today:

"It was just a question of whether one leg would be shorter than the other, and anyway after two weeks I had a hunch I was going to recover! I promised myself that when I did, I would go right on the stage. Lying there I realized that it was

(Continued on page 77)



Spend 10¢ and receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value to acquaint you with the marvelous LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

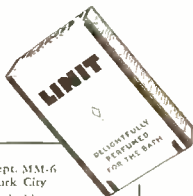
This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.



LINIT is sold by grocery and department stores.

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. MM-6 P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City Please send me . . . Lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose . . . and . . . LINIT package tops.

Light Medium Dark



Name

Address

City

State

From Invalid's Bed to Broadway

(Continued from page 75)

what I had always wanted to do, had been subconsciously working toward!"

HE became well slowly, but he got completely well! He set about, then, actively forgetting an experience which might easily have overshadowed his entire life. He proved that he could forget the longest thing which had ever happened to him. And he carefully retained the lyrics he had written in his desperate effort to keep his mind off less pleasant things and they got him a hearing with producers. Chief of these were, "I'm Gonna Dance With the Guy What Brings Me" and "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie."

One day he stood in a street-crowd listening to a Salvation Army band. A singer was rendering the old hymn, "You Bring the One Next to You and I'll Bring the One Next to Me." As Walter listened a goat light shined. He didn't hear the words, but listened only to the things, terrible things, which the man did with his vocal chords.

"Applied to my lyrics this thing could be made very funny," he thought. Dropping a bill into the tambourine he asked the man to sing again.

That was the beginning of the "Broadway lull-billy" Walter was singing in Barney Gallant's night club in Greenwich Village at the time and that night when he began jiggling his vocal chords as the singer had done, he brought down the house. For three consecutive seasons Walter clowning in the way he liked best, persistently perfecting his singing technique and writing more and more riotous lyrics. Scouts for the Third Little Show found him. He seemed to them the ideal partner for Beatrice Lillie and her buffooneries—and he was! For eight months he made famous "When Yulia Plays the Tuba Down in Cuba" and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze!" Last year after only one audition he went on the air with Walter Winchell and the Lucky Strike Hour and this year he's going strong as the Nestle Chocolateater with Ethel Sniata.

THOSE dreadful months of illness, suspense and dark despair are now behind him—yet they doubtfully have left a deep impression on the man, for they caused him to develop those traits which have made him what he is. Looking into his eyes, those nice dark eyes, you know that no matter how casual he tries to be about the whole thing he has not, and will not, entirely forget it; you realize that the boy that was in the making was crystallized by the fever of his determination. But now he is laughing—or making others laugh!

The next time you hear "Michael O'Keefe's boy Walter" addressing his "dear parishioners" remember his new career as entertainer and forget all about what started him on it for that's exactly what Walter is doing and wants others to do.

YOU NEED
CURVES TO BE
ATTRACTIVE!



AMAZING NEW DOUBLE-TONIC ADDS 5 to 15 lbs. in few weeks

Quick new way to get lovely curves fast. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Look for the "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

Don't Forget to Play

(Continued from page 51)



blood will tell—

WHAT a tonic rich, red-blood is to one's attractiveness!

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good sound reasoning that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood... and no one can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician... if you feel weak... lack a keen appetite... if your skin is pale and off-color... try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite... your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S.



builds sturdy health

had actually been proud of his ambitious that seemed to be ruining their life now.

Within a year she was sick and disgusted with New York, with blank apartment walls, Phil, evidently overworked and lacking sleep, was becoming irritable. He never wanted to go anywhere. Never wanted to do anything but work. Before long they were snapping at each other like two spoiled, hurt children. Finally they decided to call quits temporarily before their dream of love faded entirely.

Catherine would go home for a few months, she would rest up, allow the peace of the green fields to seep into her soul. When she came back they would both be refreshed, would try to make a go of things again.

So, Phil put his wife on the train and went back alone to a cheerless apartment. "It was hell without her," he told me. "It took all the will power I could muster not to wire her begging her to come back, saying I'd become an office clerk for good, anything that would make it possible for us to spend our evenings together. My ambition almost broke our marriage. If my wife hadn't been such a good sport, she would never have come back to me."

Don't blame young Huey too much for being a perfect fool, for sacrificing things more important than life itself, in order to get ahead. Everything in his life had conspired to make him a single-tracked person, had impressed upon him the absolute necessity of becoming a success.

HE was born on a ramshackle, rundown farm near Macy, Indiana, the youngest of eleven children in a poverty-stricken household. His father was discontented with farming. Early in life Phil realized that it was up to himself to get off the farm, to make his way in the world. He would go to the Big City. How he hated farm work, hated live stock. Somehow, he would manage to get away. There was only one way to do it. By work and more work. He would save up the money he earned, would go to college when he grew up. He would get back larnin', and be a somebody.

By the time he had graduated from the little country high school he had amassed \$100 by dint of hard labor for neighboring farmers. That would just pay his tuition for the special four months teacher's training course given at Manchester College. One step forward in his struggle to escape farm work, he thought. He mowed lawns, tended turnips, waited on tables to make both ends meet.

It was here he made his first great sacrifice to feed his ambition. There was one other person from his home town studying at the school with him; Sue L., whom he had worshipped from afar since childhood.

Her world seemed so distant from his that at home he had never had the nerve to approach her. The classroom served as a good leveler. Phil and Sue began to go to class together, to walk home together. Every moment he could spare from his

odd jobs he spent with Sue. Their young love woke in him the ecstasy, the sweetness of life he had missed in his eternal struggle to keep one jump ahead of poverty.

BUT sitting around waiting for a boyfriend who was always working palled on her. The other girls would pass arm in arm with their young men, chatting gaily on the way to the town to a dance, or a movie. She felt desolate, unhappy. She needed amusement, too.

She began going out with other boys. Phil was hurt, bewildered. At the age of nineteen he lost faith in girls. They were lying, cheating, unreasonable, untrustworthy creatures. He would get along without them.

So, he thought, I'll be went back home to teach in the country school he had attended as a child. There she met Catherine 'Sromie', the fourteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor. "I had vowed I was through with women," he told me laughingly, "yet four weeks after I came home I was head over heels in love with this youngster, a high-school sophomore. And how crude I was! I took her home from a baseball game and just blurted out that I expected to marry her, eventually. She was so startled, poor kid. I don't think marriage had ever entered her mind." The young couple went around for six years before they were married.

They taught school for two years, boarding his \$420 yearly salary. He had saved enough to give him a start, he felt, and enrolled for a regular cultural course at the University of Indiana. He planned to teach high school in a big city when he got his degree. His teachers advised him to specialize in music; he had a fine baritone voice and a great deal of natural talent. There was a field for musical supervisors, for professional musicians, they assured him.

"It was a pretty tough battle," he said. "I had no time for athletics, no time for making friends among my classmates, no time for relaxation. There wasn't even time to dip into any of the books I handled in my library job."

"It was all I could do to keep up with the required reading for my class work, to practice voice exercises, piano. I had to budget my time so carefully I could tell you a month in advance exactly what I'd be doing any minute of any day."

"I never stopped to consider how unbalanced a life I was leading, how unsatisfactory my existence. I pushed all doubt aside. Success in music was my goal. I would attain it, come what might."

Huey received his academic degree four years after he entered college. In two more he expected to win his Bachelor of Music, which would establish him as a professional musician. He had not made up his mind whether teaching music or becoming a singer or pianist would be his forte. Some day when he reached New York, it might be possible to study at a famous conservatory. He applied for a scholarship at the famous Juilliard School of Music in that city.

In his last year Ducey went on tour with the Glee Club. "If I was to become a professional singer, this was the time to acquire experience singing before public audiences," he said. So he went along, taking his first vacation in a dozen years.

The boys got back to school. Phil worked like mad to make up what he had missed. He couldn't neglect his outside jobs, either. It was no use. Five weeks before graduation he broke down, a complete wreck, exhausted mentally and physically. First he dropped an Italian course. Then one in music composition. He needed both to graduate. He had no time to make them up before commencement. His college career was ended. The degree for which he had slaved six years, his Bachelor of Music degree, he never got. All because he had not taken a little time off to play!

The world seemed a pretty bleak place those last five weeks. But luck was with him. A few days before the term ended, he received word he had won the coveted Juilliard Scholarship entitling him to three years free post-graduate work in voice and piano, in New York. The scholarship was worth at least \$1500 a year. Phil felt rested; it would be an easy matter to pick up a job to support himself.

This time, though, he would not go alone. He wanted the companionship, the love of his sweetheart, Catherine Scoute. She had waited patiently for him all these years. They got married, and came to New York.

You'd think he might have learned a lesson and soft-peddled work. But ambition was still uppermost in his mind. Since he was lucky enough to win the scholarship, he'd just have to make good. It meant working constantly. And within a year his bride had left him, and he was hoping against hope she would come back.

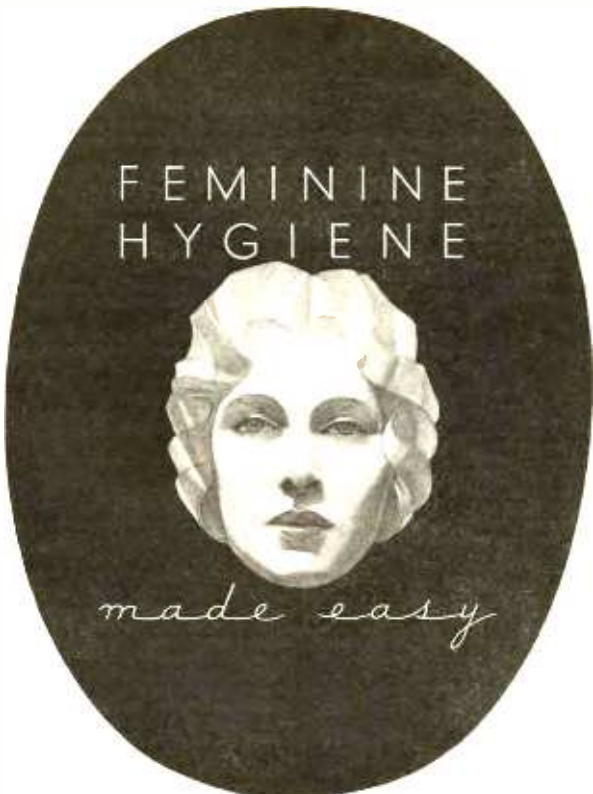
Catherine Ducey did come back, several months later. "During her absence I had plenty of time to think things out," Phil said honestly. "I realized how silly I had been sacrificing my first love, then my health and social life, and now my wife, in order to attain professional success. Life was unbearable with out Catherine. I determined to rearrange my method of living, to overhaul my packed schedule. If I would learn to play a little better, I would learn to play a lot better."

In his desire to make up for the empty years he went to the opposite extreme. Instead of practicing he went to the movies, to all the shows in town. He and Catherine stayed up till the wee hours every morning.

He neglected his singing, too. "There were several opportunities to sing at nightclubs, at concerts that I dodged. I just wouldn't rehearse, wouldn't practice. My ambition was dead. Just as long as I got by in school, and we managed to make both ends meet at home, I didn't care."

He even snuffed his first chance for radio. A famous candy manufacturer had applied to his school for talent for a series of broadcasts. Phil Ducey was among those selected to be auditioned. The night before he had been out very late. The audition was scheduled for ten in the morning.

He set his alarm clock for eight-thirty. By the time it went off, his wife had gone to work. He angrily threw a pillow at it, and turned over for another snooze. When he finally woke up, it was too late to go



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Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain *Parahydrocin*—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The

Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrocin* kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

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Send for booklet "The New Way," by Dr. M. W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your drugist's (today). 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.



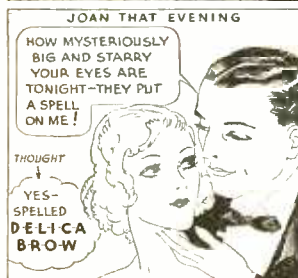
The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 116, Norwich, New York.

Please send me Dr. Stofer's Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name _____
Address _____



How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight! It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



3 Perfumes

(Exquisite new odors)
 SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—
 Arrange drop **Send only**
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 Three odors:
 (1) Roman
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30¢
 To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my complimentary trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.
PAUL RIEGER
 212 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

to the studio for the audition. Abruptly, that sobered him up. He decided he wouldn't mull his next chance. The realization dawned upon him that he was as much a fool as he had been in the old days; the tide of playboy did not hit him. It was possible to balance his life, to allot time for both work and play. The day was long enough to neglect either. With this new philosophy of life, Phil Ducey got ahead much faster than he had before. One of his Juilliard classmates, Henry Swanep, had secured a singing job at National Broadcasting Company. A trio was to be organized—the present "Men-About-Town." A baritone was needed. He suggested Phil for the job. Phil got it. The \$50 he received per week seemed quite a sum to the Duceys. The job left plenty of time for play, too. His new freedom was putting something into his voice—a new note of joy, of gladness.

GRADUALLY he came into his own on the air. He got a contract to sing for Prophylactic; for Atwater Kent; for Gen-

eral Motors. Since 1928 we've been hearing him more and more. Today he is on the air every day except Thursday. He's with the "Men-About-Town," with the "Manthattan-Victory-Gio-Round," with the Terraplane programs. He is featured soloist for the Phillip Morris hour, monthly guest on the Jack Frost program. He has learned at last how to combine work and play. He charts his day so that almost half is left for recreation, for his family.

The Duceys—there are four of them now—have a beautiful home in Larchmont James Philip is six; Barbara Nell, three. Phil loves to putter around at home, to fuss in the garden, to play with the kids. This man, who less than a dozen years ago had a nervous breakdown because of overwork, who lost one woman because he refused to take time off for play, who almost lost his wife, actually turned down a lucrative contract with a shoe concern recently. "It would take up too much time," he told me simply. "It doesn't pay—I'd rather earn a little less and have time to live, to be with my family."

A 9-Year-Old Boy Started WLW

(Continued from page 39)

I saw him in Cincinnati recently. "And I decided if that crude little contraption could work so well the ultimate possibilities of broadcasting must be limitless." The more he thought of this, the more convinced he became that radio was a field that needed pioneering. And, more important, a field that he could pioneer.

Within two months the old billiard room on the second floor of his home had become a working laboratory. And Powell Crosley, Jr., was in the broadcasting business—with a 20-watt transmitter known by the call letters as 8CR. "In good weather I could get amateurs in Madisonville, Ohio, and once I got Troy," he told me.

But what of his regular business, his trade in woodwork, automobile parts and phonographs? He couldn't neglect them. "But why," he said to himself, "can't I combine radio with the other things? And why can't I use radio to promote the rest of the business?"

And right there was born the idea for one of America's first commercial broadcasts—Powell Crosley playing records from his own phonograph factory and expounding their merits to the few dozen people who might be listening to his 20 watt.

You must remember the tremendous tide of interest that flowed across America as news got about of the miracle called Radio. There developed then the first of that amazing tribe known as radio fans.

AS the rage spread, more and more people wanted to listen. Where can we buy radio sets, they demanded. That query was all Powell Crosley needed to launch himself into a new business. The business of manufacturing radio apparatus. Immediately, his workmen were able to produce a crystal set which sold for only \$15.00, by far the cheapest on the market. By December 25, 1921, his best-seller was a bulky cabinet that held coils and condensers and

a single vacuum tube priced at \$20.00. Of course, such cheap sets spread the radio vogue like wild fire. And suddenly Crosley was confronted with a Frankenstein of his own making. People who lived far beyond the limits of his broadcasting station were buying radio receivers. Then they complained that they could hear nothing. Well, there was one way to solve that problem. Newspapers soon announced that Powell Crosley intended to erect a new 50-watt station.

You can have no idea of what a furor that simple statement caused. Protests, complaints, and cat-calls rolled back at the startled radio power like a tidal wave. Monopolist, he was called. And air-bog, Fifty watts, indeed, why, it would blanket the air! All other stations would be overwhelmed by such "super power." Momentarily, Crosley was unmuffled. Though there was nothing in the history of this infant industry to support his arguments, he was certain he was going about it in the right way. So he went to the city fathers and the presidents of clubs, and he sold them on the idea that such a station as he proposed, being heard over most of Ohio and Kentucky, would be the greatest civic advertisement Cincinnati could ever have.

In March of 1922, WLW went on the air for the first time and Powell Crosley, Jr., crossed his Rubicon at the cost of exactly \$2,500.

What a station opening that was. Now the city of Cincinnati was firmly behind him. The whole town flocked about the streets before the radio dealer's tiny store which was the studio of WLW. Deleagations sent flowers, distinguished visitors arrived in top hats. The broadcast that went over the air that day made microphone history.

I want you to know the size of the orchestra which broadcast that famous after-

noon to Ohio and Kentucky. Five pieces, it was, and they all played at the same time. So varied an instrumentation prevented a new problem in broadcasting technique. The adroit Mr. Crosley solved it by attaching a cheer-leader's microphone to his old carbon mike. If you had been in Powell Crosley's shoes then, you might have wondered far into the night whether or not you had misspent your \$2,500. Of course, the compliments of the mayor and the board of aldermen and the heads of the various clubs had been sweet enough. But would the public like his show? Would they buy sets and ask for more? The morning's mailmen brought the answer. Two postmen arrived staggering under brimming bags of mail. Crosley piled the envelopes into the nearest receptacle he could find. They happened to be two grocery baskets, and the letters filled them to overflowing. Today, fan mail is an ordinary phenomenon of broadcasting, but then, it was a miracle. And those two baskets proved to Crosley that he was right. From that day to this, his faith in this amazing thing called broadcasting has never wavered.

DON'T think that he was, even then, doing all this for the fun of it. With him, radio was long past the stage of being an amusing hobby. But now, he realized the power of the thing he had straved into and began a shrewd campaign to increase his factory's production of sets, and at the same time to step up the power of station WLW. From 50 watts to 500, is quite a leap, isn't it? But that is exactly what he planned.

This time, his plans met an obstacle in an entirely unexpected direction. The new Radio Commission, set up under Herbert Hoover who was then Secretary of Commerce, was meeting in Washington to debate the question of whether or not all radio stations should be limited to a maximum of 500 watts power. Crosley went to them at once and presented his argument. There must be something arrestingly magnetic about this man, some hidden power that enables him to have his way with other men—for when he emerged from this meeting, he had gotten the Commission's consent to raise his power to the limit, and that was only half of his victory that day. The Commission granted him additional permission for experiments with the unheard of power of 5000 watts. Only one reservation was made. "Move this powerful thing out in the country and I away from your city," they directed. So, WLW moved to Harrison, O., 20 miles from Cincinnati, far enough to keep its "malignant rays" from affecting the homes and business houses of Ohio's chief metropolis.

By this time, you know what sort of man was directing the destiny of this surgent, soaring station. From 5000 watts, Crosley went to 50,000 watts. And the entire nation began to hear his programs. Presently, residents in every state in the union and many foreign countries were writing and wiring their appreciation of "The Nation's Station."

BUT even this is not the end of Powell's story. About 18 months ago, Powell Crosley went to Washington and persuaded the Federal Radio Commission to give to him the right to experiment with a station ten times stronger than any now existing

"NERVES CONQUERED" JITTERY JANE & JOHN FIND HAPPINESS AGAIN!

Try KONJOLA
for "Nervousness"
America's Wonder Medicine

In every corner of the country, you hear wondrous stories about America's famous medicine, KONJOLA. No doubt, some of your neighbors use it, it is so widely relied on.

In cases of "nervousness", as well as stomach troubles, rheumatism and allied ailments, many thousands of users claim virtual miracles for Konjola. If you suffer from a "nervous" on-edge condition, you owe it to yourself at least to TRY this wonder medicine.

Konjola is a special mixture of extracts of Nature's own roots and herbs. Not one is a habit-forming drug. Its function is simply to mix with the foods in your

stomach and help your own system throw off health-destroying poisons... If you are nervous, irritable... If you perhaps suffer from some disorder of the liver, stomach, or bowel... it seems plain common sense to try this amazingly popular medicine at once. You can get it under the name KONJOLA at any drug store.

KIDNAPPED?



SOMETHING was happening down in the big vaulted living-room that was to make Joan's adventure sound like a daring and fantastic lie. Everyone was grouped around the radio listening to words that they thought affected the little tramp that had descended on them. The music had suddenly stopped and a voice began to talk.


"I want to interrupt the program, folks, to tell you all to watch out for an unusually pretty blond girl of nineteen. She's Brenda Vanderhough, the daughter of the millionaire sportsman George T. Vanderhough. She disappeared from her father's house in Southbury, Connecticut, this afternoon at about five o'clock."

How Joan, the little bank stenographer unintentionally posed as a wealthy heiress and how she finally won the man she adored is a beautiful romance. This love story "The Old Thrill" is a feature novelette appearing complete in the June issue of SWEET-HEART STORIES. Get a copy today at your nearest newsstand

Sweetheart
Stories
10¢

GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty

1 JACK SAYS YOU'RE SO STRANGELY ATTRACTIVE TO MEN, MARY! — TELL ME YOUR SECRET!



FRANKLY! SPECIAL CARE WITH THE HAIR, THAT'S THE ESSENCE OF "LURE". TRY JO-CUR—AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

2



SHE TRIES JO-CUR

3 THAT EVENING—



YOUR HAIR TONIGHT IS GLORIOUS! YOU'RE THRILLING! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

IT'S MY NEW JO-CUR WAVE I GUESS, JACK DEAR.

Have a Wonderful New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this: Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes... you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveret known. It has a *quince-seed* base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKEE"
WAVE SET

Regardless of Price here's a

Rouge

you can't beat—and it's only a DIME!

Absolutely dollar size and quality. Goes on easily and evenly—and stays on until you want it off. Handsome, 10¢. See the 10¢ store. Buy one and you'll never spend a dollar for rouge again.

At Your 10¢ Store



Silvaray

in America—a 500,000 watt broadcasting plant. Unbelievable, isn't it? Only in one or two countries of Europe are such tremendous forces permitted to shatter the atmosphere. Only under government subsidy have such tremendous stations been erected. But here was an American with his own money, willing to invest it in a dream. So the Commission in Washington gave him the permission he asked, and soon a vertical antenna 381 feet high had risen out of the earth in Mason, Ohio. And the plant costing a cool half million dollars sprung up about it.

If you are a DX'er, or one of those enthusiasts who stay up late to listen to radio voices singing in the distance, you probably have already heard the first results of WLW's super power experiments. For weeks now, WLW has broadcast dur-

ing the early morning hours with the full surging force of its 500,000 watts. People have written from all parts of the world to say that they heard it clearly. As this is penned, WLW is beginning to experiment in the day-time, and also in the evening. Can you imagine this station ten times more powerful than anything else on the air, filling the beauty of music and the tongue of man's words to the earth's far corners?

If ever you sit and listen to it, I think that you must be impressed with the tremendous and unpredictable results of apparently trivial incidents. I think Mr. Crosby is impressed, too. Surely, he finds it hard to realize that the greatest broadcasting station in the world is the result of the whim of his own year-old son, who now is following in his father's footsteps.

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 53)

Lucky Strike by this time should have found a good hour night spot on NBC to present its variety show which promises to be one of the biggest ever attempted. It'll have to be big to keep pace with the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts which ended last month. In August, you'll be able to tune in America's Cup Races which will be held off the coast of Long Island. The last race was two years ago, when Sir Thomas Lipton made his last futile challenge. NBC and CBS executives in Europe are also said to be lining up a flock of international broadcasts, as if the summer's static wasn't already enough to worry about. Lew White comes forward with the announcement that he will present a new idea in organ music. He will, or so he says, present six organs, manned by six organists, forming radio's first orchestra of organs. Only one thing remains to be explained. There isn't a studio in the United States of America that has six organs installed in it. But maybe something can be done about that.

MOREY AMSTERDAM, comic on the Al Pearce program on NBC from California, now lays claim to being able to fire thirty gun mits into the microphone in two minutes. And if you've ever heard the stuttering and stammering Amsterdam, you'll realize that's news. If Roy Atwell were on the air, we might find some interesting races for that championship.

MR AND MRS. MYSTERY CHIEF celebrated their silver wedding anniversary recently. The chief presented his "darling wife" with a chinchilla coat and treated her to Broadway's best theatrical production in honor of the occasion. They also have another reason to be happy. The Mystery Chef has been on the air for five years for the same sponsor.

TRYING to keep up with radio artists running hither and yon for vacations and work is just about driving us nuts. Lamy Ross spent a couple of months in Hollywood, then returned to New York and will be back in Hollywood in a few weeks.

Eddie Cantor, after a vacation in Florida, hopped back to Hollywood for a spell before his trip to New York for another picture. Jimmie Durante, in New York at this writing, may do some of his broadcasts from California and some from the East. George Jessel is another one of those Florida vacationers, while Ralph Kirshy toured theatres in the middle west. Mary Livingston, Joe Penner, Lee Wiley and Al Jolson are others who've been doing a bit of running around.

LEAVING her moon and other possessions behind, Kate Smith came over the mountains to Hot Springs, Ark., recently from Onachtas, 12 miles distant, where she was routed by a hotel fire. Miss Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, and his wife were quartered in a bungalow-like structure adjoining the hotel when the fire broke out but it spread so rapidly that they were forced to flee without their belongings. Kate did considerable wailing in Hot Springs, where she rested a fortnight from a mid-western personal appearance tour, over the loss of her clothes. After all, they are not so easy to replace.

WENDELL HALL has what is probably radio's most far flung commercial network this spring. The Red Headed Music Maker's Sunday night program is coast to coast both in the United States and Canada. American outlet run by Boston to Los Angeles and in the Dominion his fans are catching him from Halifax to Vancouver.

HOW about getting out your pencil and writing Kate Smith a note? May 1st is her birthday and the third anniversary of her radio debut. And she's the kind of person who'll appreciate your congratulations. Address her in care of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ENOCH LIGHT, maestro at the Hon. Governor Clinton in Manhattan, is playing vaudeville dates these days.

(Continued on page 96)

Many Call WLW "Home"

(Continued from page 10)

September 1, 1931, and tuned in WLW. From the loud speaker surged a bedlam of boom-bads, mmp-pads and wah-de-dahs—the rhythm of a hot guitar. "What the devil," thought Rockwell. "That's sensational."

What was it? Simply four colored boys who called themselves the Mills Brothers. Rockwell signed them up and within fifteen days they were coast to coast favorites—thanks to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Check off Little Jack Little—that lazy pianoing and whisper-voiced orchestra leader holding forth nowadays at the Hotel Lexington grill in Manhattan and over CBS's air waves. He calls WLW "home," too.

The list of WLW's famous graduates is like a politician's penitentiary of big names. The Kings, Lester Young, Roy Jean Paul King, Mary Steele, Helen Nugent, Gene and Glenn (then Lake and Lena), the Southern Singers, the Don Hall Trio, and Bob Brown are a few of the station's old grads.

Only five months ago NBC took Charlie Eggelston, Virginia Payne and Marjorie Hanson to Chicago so the nation could know that "Ma Perkins" skates.

Has WLW many other network stars in the making? It has! General Manager Edm. T. Clark says that our radio livers are a big "no" to hearing big things from Ethel Parker, a sort of musical monkey man. He's got a great right now, a rambunctious one. And Mary Albert, a sweet blues singer, is winning laurels. Maybe, too, WLW will give us another Famous Negro quartet. Right now the Charoiteers with their bizarre way of ban-ling spirituals are gaining much favorable comment. Napoleon year 40 Morris Neuman has the makings of another Bing Crosby, say his associates. He may crash through. We've been led to expect big things from this Ohio station.

It's a great station, you know. The broadcasting staff alone includes 200 people. A.T.C. surely for WLW and its sister stations, WSM and WXXI, he schedules seventeen hours a day and warts 158 commercial programs per week over the air. Eighty of those programs are produced right in Cincinnati. Count up the sustaining programs and you'll understand why there are fourteen announcers, eight conductors, fifty-seven engineers, five production men and scores of singers and instrumentalists.

Their short wave station, by the way, puts on a special weekly program in Spanish for the people of Cuba and Central America. And some of the programs you get at your local NBC station originate in the WLW studios.

What is to happen as far as WLW and the networks are concerned is guess work. But you can be sure that stars will go right on being born. And the networks will continue to keep a constant eagle eye on "The Nation's Station."

Rinse the Years Away!



Keep dull, faded, lifeless hair out of your head—and out of your life! Groom your hair with Colorinse—just add it to the shampoo wash. Instantly it transforms any appearance of drabness into hair of sparkling beauty, vibrant with natural, youthful, color sheen and softness. It's harmless—just vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach—with 12 tints to choose from.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR CO.
New York

Nestle COLORINSE

10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ Stores and Beauty Shops... Nestle Colorinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Menna Shampoo

Where DO YOUR FEET HURT?

- WEAK ANKLE—use "Comfort Ankle Support"
- 2 SHOES SLIP, STOCKINGS WEAR OUT—use "Comfort Nose Soles"
- 3 SORE HEELS—use "Comfort Heel Cushions"
- 4 HARD CORNS—use "Comfort Zinc Oxide Pads with Lint"
- 5 SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES—use "Comfort Soft Corn Pads"
- 6 CROOKED TOES—use "Comfort Toe Straighteners"
- 7 INGROWING TOE NAIL—use "Comfort Nail Grower"
- 8 BUNION HURT—use "Comfort Bunion Shield"
- 9 CALLOUS ON INSTEP—use "Comfort Mole skin Instep Pads"
- 10 BURNING FEET—use "Comfort Foot Balm"
- 11 CROOKED HEELS—use "Comfort Heel Straighter"
- 12 WEAK OR FALLEN ARCHES—use "Comfort Arch Supports"
- 13 FEET ACHE—use "Comfort Metatarsal Support"
- 14 CALLOUS ON SOLE—use "Comfort Callous Pads"
- 15 ITCHING BETWEEN TOES—use "Comfortone For Athlete's Foot"



RELIEF 10¢
for only

There's a "Comfort" Foot Aid for every foot ailment. No matter where your feet hurt, you'll find comfort and quick relief by using one of the many "Comfort" Foot Appliances and Remedies. Call on the Foot Aid Department at your 10¢ store. If unable to obtain the item desired, use coupon. Enter by numbers to foot ailments and the proper items will be mailed.

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Enclosed is _____ 10¢ for each item. Send me relief for each of the following foot ailments. Indicate by number! Foot ailment numbers: _____

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What's Happened to Singin' Sam?

(Continued from page 55)



BEAUTY does COME IN BOTTLES

Lovely, lustrous fingertips... their secret's found in each bottle of CHIC. See how satin-smooth CHIC nail polish "goes on" ... how its lustre lasts, unharmed by water. CHIC comes in five favorite colors... CLEAR (Colorless), PINK, CORAL, RUBY, DEEP... each in an unusually generous crystal flacon. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for CHIC Cuticle Remover and CHIC Polish Remover, too.

All good chain stores.



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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Eosinate in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



Quickly Controlled by "Colloidal" Substance... Boils pimples, eczema, and such skin irritations as poison ivy yield with amazing speed to a new "colloidal aluminum compound" (or "A") treatment, which many doctors have been studying recently. Amazing how quickly it also itching and pain and promotes fast, clean healing. This "A" treatment is now available at your drugstore under the name HYDROSAL. In both liquid and ointment forms. Get it all once you will find it extraordinary in skin ailments and also in treating cuts, burns, wounds and other cases which call for antiseptic treatment. Or, just mail coupon below and test generous sample of HYDROSAL Ointment, free.

Hydrosal

The HYDROSAL Co., Dept. H-20
344 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

In accordance with offer, send at once a generous trial tube of HYDROSAL Ointment.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

in 25,000 letters. No wonder Barbaro seized the opportunity to bring him to New York and put him on a national network. He knew then that here was his chance to avoid any threat of being drawn along that almost inevitable road to oblivion as had so many other great stage figures. Now, if he played his hand shrewdly, he'd not have to worry about his future.

So remembering the usual ending of favorites and finally having enough money to make a dream come true, if Singin' Sam wished to retire to his farm in Richmond, Indiana, you shouldn't blame him. It's not a big place. It's only six and one half acres large. On it stands a modest five-room Colonial bungalow and a guest house where his radio friends come to stay. Along the edge of the farm the Greensport River slips between grassy banks on its way to the Whitewater. Most attractive of all to Sam is that it's where his most ardent listener lives—his dear old mother.

Sam gleefully recalls the time he was riding from Cincinnati to Dayton last winter in a specially chartered Greyhound bus. At the end of the trip the driver turned to him and said:

"Have you drained your swimming pool yet?"

"What do you know about my swimming pool?" countered the startled Sam.

"Plenty," answered the amused driver. "I pass your house every day on my regular run. Every time I go by I have to slow down so the passengers can see where

Singin' Sam lives."

And that's the place where so many people thought Singin' Sam was retiring when he went off the air. Here's what really happened.

Harry Frankel didn't quit the entertainment world at all nor had he had any intention of so doing. The only retiree he did was to spend the Christmas holidays on the farm with his mother.

The rest of the time he was off the air he was making personal appearances at theatres in various parts of the country. It was as simple as all that. There was no sense to all the fuss the radio and listening factions were making about his having stopped broadcasting.

Everywhere he went his admirers besieged the theatres. Delighted as they were to see him, each performance brought pleas that he return to the air. Sponsors made him offer.

WHAT then kept him from the air? Some of the newspaper columnists hinted that his programs hadn't been conducted to his entire satisfaction. Perhaps, but his following had wanted to see him in person. Here was his chance to prove that the wise artist who wants his popularity to endure, doesn't wear out his welcome, but takes a vacation from the studio.

And Singin' Sam's vacation was nothing but a successful return to the stage he'd loved so long. That's his answer to his maligners who said he was through.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 64)

1/2 inch slices. Cook slowly in 3 tablespoons of butter till tender and brown, stirring constantly. Add 1 quart soup stock, heat to boiling point and boil 2 or 3 minutes. Serve with cubes of toast which may or may not, as you prefer, be fried for a minute or two in a skillet with a little butter. Sprinkle each serving of soup with two tablespoons of grated cheese (Swiss, American, or Parmesan). Add more cheese if desired.

"The punch with which the young couple are traditionally toasted," Miss Etting added, "is placed on a special table with glasses."

And this is how you make the delicious fruit punch. Don't forget, it's the ideal hot weather drink as well, so slip it out and keep it handy.

FRUIT PUNCH

- 2 quarts fresh or canned pineapple juice
- juice 4 lemons
- juice 4 oranges
- juice 2 limes
- 1 bunch mint

3/2 pint fresh strawberries, quartered

2 quarts gingerale

1 quart plain soda water

Blend together the fruit juices, sugar and mint. Chill for two hours. If fresh pineapple is used increase the amount of sugar to taste. Just before pouring the juices over the ice in the punch bowl, add the ginger ale, soda water and quartered strawberries. Makes 18 glasses.

HERE is Ruth Etting's idea of a menu for a wedding breakfast or supper. If served buffet style, the soup may be omitted if you wish.

- Onion Soup
- Cheese Straws
- Lobster Croquettes with Young Peas
- Chilled Celery Stalks
- Olives
- Rolls
- Grape Zip
- Bride's Cake
- Coffee

I've included all the remaining recipes in this month's folder. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Durante for Dictator

(Continued from page 15)

This dictator is trained for the job. He knows people, plenty of people. Not that he ever remembers anybody or anybody's name. He knows too many Jimmy always talks to everyone. It's the safest way.

Yes sir, he's trained for the job. He's of the people, by the people, and can fool all the people all of the time. He started at fourteen, working in a Bowery joint. Next Jimmy got a job at Diamond Tony's on Coney Island, a real red-hot low-down spot where the sucker got stale ginger ale for beer and celery tonic for clumpagne when he became too tight. In that state the sucker didn't know the difference and thought Jimmy's pianer-playing was music from an angel at the harpsichord.

Before Jimmy got that job, though, he made his first how in the political arena. He got another job, playing the piano at a couple of swell private parties on the east side. At the home of a very grand old lady named Mrs. Smith! She had a son named Al who later became the governor of the state she lived in and who took a crack at the presidency.

Dictator Durante! It's in the bag. At Diamond Tony's, Jimmy Durante learned the first principle of political success: Keep your nose out of other people's business. Not every candidate for the dictatorship realizes the soundness of this great sociological truism. But our Jimmy does!

It was a smart idea, too, in those halcyon days of the Bowery, of Coney Island, of Brooklyn, of Harlem, and finally of Broadway. You never knew what thug or grifter or big-spender would make trouble for you if you didn't mind your own business or play the game as he wanted it played.

Once a gangster was set on killing his most hated enemy. In those days enemies weren't taken for a ride. You walked into a saloon and started shooting. This gangster insisted that Jimmy go along with him. Jimmy had no choice and went. From saloon to saloon they journeyed, accompanied by the gangster's pals, searching for the enemy. At each place they asked for the victim and when they were told he hadn't been there, the gangster said, "Tell him Rag-time Jimmy's looking for him." That's what Durante was called in those days—and he knew if the victim was caught and shot he'd get the blame.

At last the gangster stopped at his own flat where he got into an argument with his pals about the relative merits of his bull dog and somebody else's. A dog fight was arranged immediately and they all crowded into a garage to see the bloody battle. Jimmy ducked and went home for a sleepless night, fearful of what the gangster would say about his walking out.

But the big bad man didn't come around the next night. After the dog fight, he and his pals had decided on a little stick-up. The gangster was caught and sent up the river for twenty years!

That's one way to learn to mind your

Your Complexion looks like a Million Dollars And it cost only a Dime

There's simply *no sense* in using costly facial creams. Truly, you will find a 10c jar of Vi-Jon Cream as pure, as delicate, as genuinely *beautifying* as creams costing 50c to \$2.00 per jar.

Make this simple test: Buy a *full size* (2-or 3-oz.) jar of any Vi-Jon Cream; also a "small size" of any high-priced cream recommended for the same purpose. Compare their texture, their odor, their actual effect on your face. No difference whatever! And the Vi-Jon jar contains 3 to 6 times as much cream. Make this test. Convince yourself.

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If you are embarrassed by pimples, blackheads, eczema, minor rashes or other skin blemishes, you can depend on POSLAM to relieve their discomfort quickly and safely.

An unsightly skin need not mar your happiness, for POSLAM is so concentrated it works wonders almost overnight. Thousands who thought their skin troubles hopeless are using this famous ointment with wonderful results.

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own business. And that's what every young dictator should learn.

Oh, yes, our Jimmy Durante has been properly trained, you can depend on that. And he's learned tact, too. Where Jimmy played the piano in the Bowery every singing waiter had a tune that was definitely identified with him. If one of the waiter's customers started walking out on a check while the waiter was in the kitchen getting an order, Rag-time Jimmy Durante used to play that waiter's tune loudly on the piano. The waiter would rush out and stop the grifter from making his untimely exit. That's tact, folks. And no dictator can be without it.

Ah, Jimmy's been through the mill of learning and knows people, all right. That season at Carey Walsh's joint in Coney Island for example, there was a straight singer who later became a singing waiter. That kid had the same kind of makin's that Jimmy had. He was a mickel kicker. That is, when customers liked his singing they'd reward him with "throw money" and he'd pile it together in a little heap with his feet while doing his act. That little mickel kicker was Eddie Cantor.

Later, in Chinatown, Jimmy worked at the Clatham Club, which was just around the corner from Nigger Mike's, where Irving Berlin was a successful singing waiter. In those days the "throw money" was put into a little box on the piano and divided between Jimmy and the waiters at the end of the evening. The evening began at one in the morning and ended at nine.

"Let 'em talk about the beautiful sunrise," Jimmy wrote in his learned book on night clubs, "I'll see it on my way to

bed." He saw it plenty often, too.

Oh, those days of Chuck Connors with his pearl buttons and black derby. Those days when Jimmy heard a guy threaten a girl, talking to her over the phone in a booth, that he'd commit suicide; saw him pull a gun and shout 'lunneh!' The fellow lived and later admitted that he hadn't meant to get hit. He was just trying to scare her. You can't be a dictator if you don't know your little ironies.

And those days of Shubert's Rathskeller, the Whip, Sunday nights at McLaughlin's ball-room where Vincent Lopez conducted the band. That was long ago—but that was where our Dictator saw life, saw men and women, and learned the real power of the piano, the wisdom of the wickerack.

Then at last—Broadway! Jimmy hit Broadway and the Club Durant at the same time. What celebrities came there—George M. Cohan, Dick Barthelme, Al Jolson, many others. When the cops came to raid the joint (because it was open till late in the morning and the home-going revelers had annoyed little girls going to work) and found these celebrities there they went back to headquarters with their axes unused.

Don't worry, our Jimmy knows life from the ground up. He has a swell wife, a singer he met at the Alamo in Harlem, Jeanne Olsen, who told him she'd heard worse piano players but didn't remember when Such-honesty, Jimmy said, should be rewarded—so he married her.

There you have him—Jimmy Durante, the perfect dictator. You ought to be one of his rooters. He's got millions of 'em!

The Band Box

(Continued from page 61)

Weems has hit the Bismarck Hotel, Chicago, for a spring road tour with Al Fazel, a Paul Ash disciple, supplanting him. . . . Mark Fisher's orchestra has moved into "The Grove" at Houston, Texas. . . . Ivan Eppinoff and his orchestra, often heard from Chicago, have been on the air for several months from KTHS at Hot Springs, Ark. . . . Ted Focht, the new Old Smokey maestro, followed Guy Lombardo into the Cosmoant Grove at Los Angeles. . . . When Charles Agnew and his band hit the road this spring George Devron got his job at the Stevens (World's Largest Hotel) and his shots on WGN. Well, we've gotta stop some place.

● When you saw Jeanne Eagels in "Rain" you remember the sailors playing the record "Walash Blues." Didn't that raise memories of moonlit nights in Indiana? The song, however, wasn't named for the Hoosier stream but for mossy Walash Avenue in Chicago. The number was first known as "Tronbone Jazz" when Louis Panco played it in Fred Meinken's orchestra. When playing later with Sham Jones' orchestra ace trombonist Panco got an idea for a better title. One day Jones and he were in a restaurant under

the "L" of Wabash Avenue, the noisiest street in Chicago. Why not call it "Walash Blues?" And there's a sequel to this decision. Panco made it his theme song and for a half dozen years he has been playing at the Canton Tea Gardens on WABASH Avenue. Fred Meinken, who wrote the number, is now the librarian of WGN.

● When Deane Janis, Hal Kemp's red headed torch singer, started having husband trouble, it caused her such distress, she told a friend, that she couldn't sing. Now she has a divorce from Richard Harris but in the meantime Maxine Gray, a Louisiana gal, got her job with Kemp. Maxine got her start on the air singing over KWKH, W. K. Henderson's "Hello, World" station.

● Glen Gray and his Casa Loma boys are playing dances at Amherst and Dartmouth this month. And that reminds us: Already we've found six dance spots, one dress firm and an orchestra which have adopted the name "Casa Loma" which, a Spanish friend advises us, means "The House on the Hill" and hastens to add "but a very little hill." In Miami there's

(Continued on page 88)

Now lift off

CORN'S



AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

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If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 75)

So hop out of bed ten minutes earlier in the morning and whether you are hefty or slim, young or old, greet the top of the morning with this simple routine.

1 First of all, just to awaken yourself. Clack your heels together and do that old-fashioned bending down. Touch your toes without bending your knees. Then bend to the left, keeping knees straight, and touch left toes with both hands. Repeat—touching right toes with both hands. Now bend forward once more.

NEXT we'll go right after those dangerous curves running around your hips.

1 Down on your hands and knees, my girl. Face downward. Keeping your right knee bent, raise it from the floor as high as possible. Now kick backward—straighten leg. Extend upward and stretch out. Inscribe a circle in the air, rotating leg first to right, then to left. Return leg to original position. Repeat exercise with left leg. Repeat again with right, then left.

2 Lie flat on back on floor. Roll on right side. Keep legs straight and together. Extend right arm. Body is now in a straight line, head resting on right arm. Place left hand on floor to balance body. Pull knees up to chest. Stretch legs out in front of body, keeping knees straight. Now swing legs down until body is again in straight line. Repeat three times. Turn on left side and repeat three times.

These two exercises will knock the flesh right off and tone up flabby hip muscles.

Hop up. We're going to straighten your shoulders and fill out your chest.

1 Stand with feet apart. Raise right arm in front of body to level of shoulder. Bend arm at elbow. Swing forward, sideward and backward in one swift movement. Repeat three times. First right then left.

2 Take position on hands and knees. Keep back flat. Head up. With resistance bend elbows and push upper part of body downward until chest and chin almost touch floor. Return to first position. Repeat twice.

While you are at this position we might as well limber up your neck and get rid of a hump at the back.

1 With hands and knees on floor and back flat, raise head and bend backward as far as possible without changing position of arms and knees. Now let head fall forward and downward. Relax and hump back upward. Repeat four times. (Will also give lovely contour to chin.)

Roll over on your back now and with arms at sides rest a second. Relax.

1 Keeping this position, pull right knee up to chest, at same time lively fling left arm over head. Alternate legs and arms. Keep arms relaxed but work legs vigorously. Repeat several times and you will soon have a nice flat tummy.

Now jump up quickly, sprint to the shower bath, apply lots of soap, do lots of scrubbing and finish up with a cold rinse.

I suppose you know that besides giving you a body beautiful in line and movement these routines teach physical repose, which in turn endow you with poise, grace and self-confidence, so important to us—

Here is the SECRET

says

Mary Brun



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If you paid \$5 you wouldn't get our nail polish, that Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—but now you can save over 50% when you buy your 1 oz. bottle for the low price of your drug store for the 1/2 oz. MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

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20x28	5.49	5.49	5.49
20x30	5.99	5.99	5.99
20x32	6.49	6.49	6.49
20x34	6.99	6.99	6.99
20x36	7.49	7.49	7.49
20x38	7.99	7.99	7.99
20x40	8.49	8.49	8.49
20x42	8.99	8.99	8.99
20x44	9.49	9.49	9.49
20x46	9.99	9.99	9.99
20x48	10.49	10.49	10.49
20x50	10.99	10.99	10.99
20x52	11.49	11.49	11.49
20x54	11.99	11.99	11.99
20x56	12.49	12.49	12.49
20x58	12.99	12.99	12.99
20x60	13.49	13.49	13.49
20x62	13.99	13.99	13.99
20x64	14.49	14.49	14.49
20x66	14.99	14.99	14.99
20x68	15.49	15.49	15.49
20x70	15.99	15.99	15.99
20x72	16.49	16.49	16.49
20x74	16.99	16.99	16.99
20x76	17.49	17.49	17.49
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20x84	19.49	19.49	19.49
20x86	19.99	19.99	19.99
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Why, even your favorite radio star, with all her wealth and physical attractions, has to do these exercises I am giving you if she wishes to remain beautiful. Right now the ladies of the air waves are more in demand for public appearances than ever and they can't afford to disappoint their audiences. Furthermore, they're anti-quitting television—and aren't taking any chances. You owe a good figure to your public.

And now a last hint! As you walk along the street, try to imagine a string, attached to your hips and top of your head, pulling you upright into position. Pull in your stomach, draw your pelvis forward—instead of pushing it out behind—and you will be delighted with the flat slim line of your back and the side view of your figure, particularly of your hips.

Now is the time of year to get this exercise habit because it is still chilly enough to warm you up and when the hot weather arrives you will have the habit of running through them without so much as thinking of the temperature.

But a warning—whether you are round or flat—be sure you get enough sleep after all the dates and good times—if you want to be beautiful. Take that lovely star of the radio and stage, Jane Froman. How that girl loves to sleep—sleep, sleep, sleep, it's her personal motto, favorite adage and national anthem. "It isn't merely that I like it," she says, "but it actually means a lot from the standpoint of my looks and the way I feel. I put it first on the list of things important from a health and beauty viewpoint."

Now for those smart frumpies and beauty stunts! When you dive into the old

swimmin' hole depend on your lipstick—the old stand-by—to make you more strikingly lovely than ever without aid of other makeup. I know of a perfectly grand one for swimming, or for that matter, to wear any time. This lipstick—a new hygienic idea at last!—is treated with an antiseptic (you'd never guess it) that tends to prevent infection. Not only that but it's great for chapped, sunburned or windburned lips. Stuck out comes wrapped in cell-plastic for your further protection, and you can get it in light, raspberry and dark.

And with a nod to recall—what they won't think of next—you can now have your brandy and burgundy with you all day long, for there's a new lipstick on the market impregnated with your favorite flavor in drinks. In your favorite color, too. Really, you wonder what we're coming to. Well, take it for what it's worth but anyhow you can't say I didn't tell you about it.

While you are doing your exercises to put you in shape for the beach, try rubbing peroxide on the hairs of your legs instead of shaving them. See if you don't prefer the invisible golden hairs that appear rather than the rough scratchy whiskers that result from shaving.

If you have any individual figure problems, if you ought to reduce in some places or put on weight in others, just write and I'll give you personal attention in regard to exercises and proper diets to achieve the kind of figure you covet.

I have some tiny makeup kits that are yours for the asking. They contain cleansing cream, skin food, powder, lip and cheek rouge. Let me know if you want one and I will send it to you.

The Band Box

(Continued from page 86)

a hotel with that tag. A subdivision in Jacksonville, Florida, night clubs in Hamilton, O., Tulsa, Okla., and Yonemstown, O., a roadhouse between Baltimore and Washington have adopted the name "Casa Loma." In New York there is the Casa Loma Dance Frocks, Inc. And over in New Jersey somewhere (and Glen Gray, lawyer would like to know where) is an orchestra calling itself "The Duke Reilly Casa Loma Orchestra." Incidentally, if that lawyer ever catches up with his band, there'll be some more business for the courts.

● Charles P. Hughes, the Gemal First Nighter, has invaded Tin Pan alley—successfully, too. He turned out a melody for use in one of his first Nighter plays entitled "Song Hit." The song turned out to be just that under the title "Night Time." You've heard it on the air plenty the past few months. Hughes is using it as a signature song for his radio feature "Talkie Picture Time."

● Whole mans an orchestra leader keeps his press agents busy turning out yarns about his prowess as an athlete and sportsman (Ben Bernie, g.f.; Wayne King, g.o.), tennis, handball, flying; Phil Harris, polo.) Clyde Lucas is one bantener whose recreations keep him near his own bedside. In four months he has left the Morrison

Hotel, in whose Terrace Gardens he plays, only four times. His hobby is making special arrangements for his orchestra, which doesn't require leaving the premises often. And besides, his reputed fiancée, Frances Langford, is in New York.

● Here you are, you Rudy Vallee fans. I'm giving you the names of each member of his Fleischmann Yeast band plus the dates of their birth, the instruments each play and, since you've asked for it, their marital status. Here 'tis:

Chiff and Burwell, 1898, married, piano; Al Evans, 1900, married, piano; Zelly Smergoff, 1913, single, violin; Eddie Davis, 1891, married, violin; Sal Spinelli, 1899, single, violin; Sal Terini, 1906, married, violin; Bernard Daley, 1902, married, baritone sax; Sammy Diehl, 1906, married, alto sax; Bob Bowman, 1900, married, alto sax; Joe Miller, 1907, married, tenor sax; Hal Matthews, 1900, married, trombone; Don Moore, 1904, married, trumpet; Mickey Bloom, 1906, single, trumpet; Harry Patent, 1908, single, bass viol; Frank Friselle, 1898, married, drums; Frank Staffa, 1906, married, guitar; and Bud Webber, 1902, married, sax. And for your additional information, Rudy was born in 1901.

(Continued on page 97)

CORNS

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SORE, TENDER TOES

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in one minute! These soothing, healing pads stop the cause by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.

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NR TO-NIGHT

REMEDIUM ALBICUM

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid heartburn, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10¢.

The Wisest Man in the World

(Continued from page 34)

trip—for what? To find the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge in the fabled Garden of Eden! To his own satisfaction, Rip found the place described in Genesis where the "river went out of Eden to water the Garden, and from thence it was parted . . ." And what did he get out of that most difficult of all his journeys? A wisecrack! "Believe it or not," he reports, "I couldn't find a single apple tree in the Garden of Eden. Nor any fig trees! So, you see, there're no fig leaves, either."

And sometimes, as in the case of the most inspiring "Believe It or Not" item which Rip has ever unearthed, he receives the data with no effort at all. The facts are sent to him by an enthusiastic fan, with all necessary proof. That was so with the man who reads with his tongue.

In a Colorado quarry, Rip told me, that a dynamite charge threw William McPherson thirty feet into the air. He was picked up minus arms—and eyes!

Undaunted by this terrible misfortune, McPherson set about to train his tongue to distinguish form, an almost impossible feat. He did it by pressing his tongue to the raised dots of a special type while his teacher traced the same letters on a point in his back, between the shoulder blades, a spot far more sensitive to the impression of form than the tongue. Little by little, McPherson perfected himself—and now, blind and armless, he can read a book and turn its pages as fast as you or I!

"That is the most inspiring case I have ever come upon," Bob Ripley concluded.

I agree. But don't let's forget the inspiration which Bob Ripley himself offers—an inspiration to turn away from the banal and the routine and to invest what little time we can spare in the unexpected and the miraculous!

We'll Tell the World

(Continued from page 12)

A. Nope. Still bacheling it.
 Q. Is Donald Novis married?
 A. Sorry to disappoint you. His wife says he is. Her name is Julietta and she has played on the air and on the stage.
 Q. Looka, Unkie, be a nice feller and tell us the name of Lombardo's new girl singer.
 A. Oh no you don't. You can't catch the Answer Man like that. He knows as well as you do that Guy's apt to get another and another and another girl in that orchestra and by the time you read this, you'll have been a bar three times over. (As if he weren't already.)
 Q. "How do you fellows," asks Maryland Louise Bay, not unreasonably, "get



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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Myrt and Marge mixed? The newlywed is Marge, not Myrt. I know, because I attended the wedding on December 30, 1933."

A. As, that's what I meant all the time. And now you've gone and shamed Uncle A. M. into answering some of the practically billions of questions about the gals. We'll take the mother first. Her name is Myrtle Vail Damerel, born January 7, some year or other. Anyhow, it happened in Joliet, Illinois. Myrt is of English and French descent. She's trod the boards of many a vaudeville stage—mostly dancing. She's five feet, one inch tall, weight 124 pounds, has red hair and a you'd never think to look at her that she had a daughter nearly twenty-four years old.

Donna (Marge) Damerel Griffith was

born July 8, 1910 in Chicago. She started in radio with her mother when the M. and M. series began November 2, 1931 over WBBM in Chicago. Prior to that she'd worked in vaudeville, choruses and stock. Donna is five feet three inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. She likes tall, dark men. Which reminds me, Myrt is married to George Damerel who used to sing on the stage some years ago. He does not play in the radio sketches. Myrt has, besides Donna (Marge), one son, George Damerel, Jr., 16. The man who Donna married last December is Gene Kretzinger, who plays the part of Gene Klem in the sketches. She has a son three years old by a former marriage.

Radio's Father Confessor

(Continued from page 50)

Of course his brain is fagged out—can't think them up anymore, but he's gotten it into his head that he is on the air the same as his old pals. He goes around night after night to all the late spots trying to converse with them."

Just why did that man single out George Hall from the more famous celebrities in Lindy's? Surely he has no more money than the rest, perhaps less. He knew the man no more intimately than the others, yet it is he who countless times before has befuddled him.

ASK your favorite radio star or the delectable boogie, who hasn't been back of the midnight since the talkies were born, for the answer to this riddle. Why, they'd probably say, in less time than it takes you to turn off a boisterous baritone, "Don't you know George Hall is the one-man Salvation Army of Broadway." He's called the Father Confessor of Radio Row. And, let me tell you, sister, it's a thankless job!

For that mendicant is but one of the many of his kind that has crossed the fascinating life of George Hall. He somehow manages to hear the heart-break tales of every radio performer. Some of them are as cruel as any Broadway columnist could manufacture. Others are a pack of lies. Fortunately, George is equipped with a pair of steel-rimmed eyes that pierce through the veneer of most performers and extract the truth.

George has had many up and downs. He has gone from honky-tonk bands in Kansas to naive sophisticated rhythms that emanate nightly from the Hotel Taft in New York City; from draughty ballrooms in the mid-west to the luxurious supper rooms in Chicago. These meteoric experiences have given him a keener insight into life. There were times when George didn't know where his next meal was coming from. Stranded in a mid-western town one night and having to sleep in a railroad station, he swore that if he ever reached the top he would help others who were experiencing the same sordid circumstances. He has kept his word.

Perhaps that's why he gave a certain radio singer a pep talk that would embarrass the most enthusiastic college coach. Perhaps that's why he soothed the little

girl who interrupted an important rehearsal one day, insisting that he hear her sing. After her rendition of "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?" he slipped her the necessary carfare to get back to Emporia, and stay there.

PERHAPS the most magnanimous task George ever performed in his unofficial role of Father Confessor, occurred while George was playing in Denver in 1930. A frail wisp of a woman approached him at his hotel, in her bony hand she held a music sheet.

"Please, Mr. Hall," she begged. "I've heard how you've helped so many people. I want you to help me. I'm in Colorado because I'm tubercular. My money has run out. If you'll just play this little song of mine over the air perhaps some publisher will hear it and buy it."

The song was "Springtime in the Rockies." To date it has sold over 3,000,000 copies and has netted Mary Hale Wadley \$100,000. She is now rapidly recovering on her own ranch and she has never forgotten what George Hall did for her.

George has a discerning eye for talent, developed as a result of years of association with all manner of temperaments. When this ability is teamed up with Fate (which it so often is) they're an unbeatable combination. Take the case of Loretta Lee, the little lynx from Louisiana, who sings so low down and ha-ha with his orchestra.

HE needed a girl vocalist for the band. Alice Dawn, then known as Alice Froman, was practically engaged for the job. Although unknown at the time she possessed a temper that is usually associated with operatic prima donnas. Twenty-four hours before their debut on a new contractual program, studio officials frantically called George. They told him that Alice would have to change her name. It was too easily confused with that of Jane Froman. He relayed the news to Alice and her well known temper was promptly unleashed. She refused to go on the air unless she could use her own name. Now George is like Mac West in one respect. He's no angel. This new program meant everything



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to him and it couldn't be ruined by one stubborn singer. He promptly released her.

The deadline approached only to find his orchestra still without a featured soloist. Finally, completely dejected and dispirited, George entered a small music house as a last resort. The place was almost deserted save for one bored song writer. He was explaining his plight to him when the voice of a girl echoed through the empty offices. George's professional car pricked up at once.

"Who is she?" he asked excitedly.
"Some kid from the South. Her name's Margaret Vegas. First time she's ever been to New York," replied the composer as he lackadaisically returned to his new torch song.

George dashed into the adjoining room, snatched the bewildered girl and rushed her up to the Columbia Broadcasting System. In the quiet of a vacant rehearsal room he listened to her repertoire. On and on she sang. The clock ticked off precious minutes. Relentlessly George interrupted her with a suggestion or a criticism.

A radio reporter roving about came in.

GEORGE turned to her for approval. He said, "How do you like her? Her name's Margaret something or other."

"The voice is good but you need a name easier on the ears of a million fans," advised the scribe. "Let's go into a huddle. You haven't too much time."

When you heard the program on the air an hour later did you know that the little girl so fervently ballyhooped by the announcer as "Loretta Lee, the Louisiana levee singer" was the same homelick and beaten little girl who only yesterday was crying in her hotel room. Of course you didn't. That's how radio stars are made.

Last summer George was engaged a brilliant counselor and bandmaster at Ed Wynn's ill-fated Alhambra-rated Broadway System. Little did he realize then how often his unobedient job as healer of heartaches would be necessary.

"I never witnessed a series of more harrowing events than in those weeks that Ed Wynn tried to organize a third network," George Hall said this to me when I implored him to reveal them for the first time.

Wynn, torn between love and duty, left for Hollywood. After a few weeks, office workers and musicians failed to receive their pay. With several more days of inaction and no salaries the storm broke.

Hungry stenographers demanded money for food. Musicians walked out, complaining to their union, Louis XVI, during the French Revolution, never faced a more distraught people. Furniture, properties, and instruments were wrecked before the police came. George took his men back to their hotel for a meeting. If he left, the whole venture would go on the rocks. His band was the only one left. Perhaps if they stayed, confidence would be restored. The men in his band were willing. The night Wynn returned from the gold coast George wedged his way through a battery of attorneys, secretaries, and bouncers to see the great comedian.

"Wynn," he implored, "those poor kids are dependent upon you. See your lawyers or your bank and pay them! I'm willing to string along without pay till you settle everything. But pay those orphan boys!"



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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

GEORGE was referring to the dozen kids that the company had drafted from an orphanage so they could cut down on salaries. The rule of the orphanage was that once their charges found jobs they were no longer responsible for their welfare.

The man with the tortoise-shelled glasses and lip was irritated by the collapse of his dream. Pursued by creditors and advised against paying any more bills by crafty lawyers he refused George's plea.

The next morning the Amalgamated Broadcasting System ceased to be. Ed Wynn went back to the business of being funny at \$5,000 per week and fifty people faced a bread-line.

During the short time George worked there he struck up two acquaintances. One with his stenographer, an exotic olive-skinned girl, the other with a reeked face kid from the orphanage.

"I couldn't see that kid homeless," he told me. "So I have to put him up till he

gets older. Right now he's only sixteen.

"What about the girl?"

"Oh, it was harder with her. I hunted high and low but she had disappeared. Then one day the police called me. They said they found some half-starved waif in an empty lot with a lot of rats for company, who insisted she worked for me at Ed Wynn's studio. It was that queer steno all right."

George found her a job with a reliable real estate firm and settled that problem.

Yet for all this, he has never capitalized on these misfortunes. I know of any number of press agents who could have glorified George into a radio Boy Scout, lifted his name up there with Whiteman and Vallee. But George wouldn't have it. He rather likes to help people out. He would miss it if they didn't confide in him.

Is it any wonder then, that those who make radio's history say,

"Winchell tells radio's secrets, but George Hall keeps them?"

Singing Through Life Together

(Continued from page 17)

and he was divorced. Both were with friends. The conversation was general. He said,

"I remember meeting you in Florence, with your sister, Roma."

She said, "Of course."
"Then suddenly, and quite insanely, he wished all the others weren't there. But it never occurred to her to wish anything of the sort. Looking at Frank Chapman with her warm brown eyes that night, Gladys Swarthout didn't see how he possibly could have any place in her life. The pattern seemed so utterly complete—he was on the verge of attaining all the things she had worked for ever since, at thirteen years of age, she had sung at her music teacher's recital and, impressing a wealthy family interested in the arts, been sent to Chicago to study at the Conservatory.

Professionally her life was complete. And emotionally there was no place in it for Frank Chapman.
That winter they sang on the same program one morning at the Hotel Plaza. Awaiting their turn in a little ante-room they talked of music, of different artists, of Florence Now she found an engaging honesty in everything Frank Chapman said. Now she forgot she once had thought him conceited and affected and intolerant.
That spring Gladys' sister, Roma, returned to America. Meeting the senior Mrs. Chapman through Roma, Gladys was asked to the musical evenings Mrs. Chapman often held. There were also occasional weekends at his family's place in the Catskills.

It was then Frank Chapman discovered with his laggard mind what his quick heart had known for months. It was then he knew that his mother's parties and weekends had become as important to him because Gladys Swarthout was likely to be among the guests. He loved her.

Almost at the same moment she began staying away from these parties, allowing Roma to attend them without her, sending her regrets. Is it possible that once, without warning, something Frank Chapman

said or something he did or some way he looked had set Gladys' heart to trembling? And being a wise young person and adoring her husband she thereafter instinctively avoided a friendship which might present emotional complications?

I am inclined to believe this and in the light of what followed who can dispute me?

We sat in the delightful Chapman living-room high above the city. Gladys and Frank Chapman and I. The geometric forms of other soaring towers made a strong pattern beyond the gauze hung windows where spring sunshine spilled pale gold on the dark polished floor.

Her shining brown hair, parted in the center, was curled loosely about her ears. Again and again her soft brown eyes went seeking Frank Chapman sitting nearby. They were met always by his eyes which had, in the meantime, been seeking her. Always it is such little things that tell a stranger how it is between two people.

They have such fun together, these two.

"We do impractical things sometimes," she admitted happily. "Often one of us will give up an engagement to go to Chicago or wherever it is the other must sing. When you're happy you naturally begrudge any time out, and, after all, there's no guarantee of other years, or even other days. With Frank I'm having fun again. We go off into the country whenever it's possible and swim and play tennis and ride, and we dance. There were so many years when I had no part in such things. When I worked and worked and worked having made up my mind that if I was going to have a career it must be worth having. I still must work hard, of course, because I want to maintain whatever success I've found, but there's time now to live, too."

"Do you think," I asked those two "that there is a pattern to our lives?"

"I think so," Frank Chapman answered quickly. "To my mind Gladys and I meeting in Florence, later here at the Metropolitan, then singing on the same Plaza

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28x3	1.25	28x3	1.25
28x2 3/4	1.10	28x2 3/4	1.10
28x2 1/2	1.00	28x2 1/2	1.00
28x2 1/4	.90	28x2 1/4	.90
28x2 1/8	.80	28x2 1/8	.80
28x2	.75	28x2	.75
28x1 3/4	.70	28x1 3/4	.70
28x1 1/2	.65	28x1 1/2	.65
28x1 1/4	.60	28x1 1/4	.60
28x1 1/8	.55	28x1 1/8	.55
28x1	.50	28x1	.50
28x3/4	.45	28x3/4	.45
28x3/8	.40	28x3/8	.40
28x1/2	.35	28x1/2	.35
28x1/4	.30	28x1/4	.30
28x1/8	.25	28x1/8	.25
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program—at last marrying, surely all of this was a pattern! I also think, however, that it is up to us to shape the pattern, to keep it the right pattern for us."

I had a strong feeling that he was thinking how very early he might have induced the wrong pattern for Gladys and himself; that he was remembering how he had waited a year or more to declare his love; how he had not spoken until after her husband's death when time closing over her sorrow at last gave him the right to speak.

I had a strong feeling, too, that while she talked she was thinking of that pain which I'm so sure once filled her heart, when she declined invitation after invitation from Mrs. Chapman and went as often as opportunity would allow to Chicago to see her husband, for almost before Frank Chapman had finished speaking she said in that rich full voice which lends color to the least word she utters, "Exactly. Exactly. To force things can be such a mistake."

They have shaped the pattern happily, no doubt about that. The two years they've already had together make them rich in love and then there's the future. The future which they both insist won't be nearly long enough.

Good Samaritans

(Continued from page 25)

several hundred other unfortunates kids to Surprise Lake Camp in Old Spring, New York. To-day, next to his Ida and his five daughters, that camp is the closest thing to his heart.

About two years ago it seemed as though the camp would close. Then Eddie practically shouldered the burden of carrying on the camp. Eddie Cantor means it when he says, "Don't worry. As long as I'm alive that camp will stay open."

A lonely, old music teacher who found himself facing a bleak, empty old age, now enjoys comfort and happiness because one of his pupils who rose to glory never forgot him. The devotion of Rubinoff to his old violin teacher, Max Gottfried, stands out as a direct contradiction that fame and money are supposed to do things to a person's heart. In all the years he was struggling to the heights Dave Rubinoff never once forgot the kindly Max Gottfried.

There are ten tents in the NVA tuberculosis hospital in Saranac Lake. Of course there are many other beds in the hospital, but what makes these ten worth telling about is the fact that some one person pays for all of them season after season, year in and year out. The beds and the care and hospitalization that goes with them are always available for patients who can't afford them. The patients aren't told that their anonymous benefactor is Al Johnson.

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appear. But you've got to reckon with a person like Connie. Connie had heard about Jimmie from friends. He was bitter and resentful of the fate that had left him with puny legs and a curved spine. Once he told one of Connie's friends that she was his favorite one and off the air and nothing would make him happier than to meet the deep-throated singer.

One day, without telling anyone, Connie instructed her chauffeur to take her to Seventy-second Street and Broadway.

"Where's Jimmie," she asked, peering out at a strong, able-bodied young man who was at the newsstand.

"Oh, he's not expected for a little while."

Connie leaned back and waited. Two whole hours went by before she saw what must surely be the figure of Jimmie bobbing up to the newsstand.

"Hello, Jimmie," she called.

Jimmie turned around and when he saw those flashing black eyes he knew he was looking at his favorite radio goddess.

"Come on in here," she said, and Jimmie, too surprised to know what to think,

stepped in. And there for over two hours Connie and Jimmie sat in the back of the luxurious car talking. What they spoke about nobody but those two will ever know. But I don't think I'll be wrong if I venture to guess that Connie told Jimmie that her twisted legs didn't stand in her way and that courage and a normal, healthy attitude were what he needed to make him happy. For when Jimmy left the car his face was wreathed in smiles and his spirit was buoyed up with new hopes and interests.

THE students in Juilliard's School of Music are receiving at absolutely no cost the valuable instructions of one of the greatest violinists of the air and the concert stage. At least once a week Albert Spalding puts aside all concert and radio work, cancels rehearsal dates and makes a trip down to New York to be on time for his class. There is no more pointed example to illustrate Spalding's intense desire to give any gifted and promising young musician a chance, regardless of his or her station in life.

Who Pays the Bills?

(Continued from page 43)

coat. Or perhaps they just fight over a telephone bill. "I don't know how or if woman can talk so much!" he yells, and the fun begins.

George Burns paused. Then he said with that capable air which is so much a part of him, "Gugie and I have eliminated all that." (Gugie is his pet name for Gracie, you know.)

I WAITED, a question in my eyes. He read my unspoken thought.

"I know what you're thinking! We both make money so there shouldn't be any disputes on that score. But, if you don't mind my saying so, that's just where you're all wrong! Both of us earning money make matters increasingly difficult. And I can prove it to you. Just look at all the movie couples who split. When a husband and wife are wage earners, don't you ever wonder how they budget themselves? Every man like to feel he's boss, and no matter how much his wife is making, he doesn't care for the sensation of having her just go off and treat herself to a new car, and he, not know a thing about it. As for a wife who is financially successful, she feels that what she does with her own money is nobody's affair but her own. And so they can find just as many, and very often more, reasons for disagreeing than the poorest of couples.

"But Gracie and I have this money proposition licked; we've got it down to a science. Look at all that," his muscular arm designated the beautiful living room of their apartment high up in a New York hotel. "We didn't always have it like this, don't you fool yourself. We've seen some pretty hard times. But we never fought over money. We had faith in each other. . . . A latch key turned in a lock, and George Burns interrupted himself. A

broad grin lit his face. "Here she is," he announced.

Then George spoke. "Seriously, Gugie's no dumbbell when it comes to handling money. Why, when she was only making twenty dollars a week in her first vaudeville job, she saved three hundred and fifty dollars in one season."

"Yes," sighed Gracie. "I saved the money because I had a horror of getting sick, an appendicitis attack or something. I didn't have the sense to realize that I could always have wired my mother and sister. So I saved the three hundred and fifty out of my salary and never got sick."

"How do you budget yourselves now?" I asked.

GRACIE answered, "George pays the rent, he always has. I feel, and he does, that the rent is definitely the man's job. But I buy all my own clothes, except for special presents from George. By special presents I mean things like my new fur coat; that's a Christmas present. But I saved him five hundred dollars by making him buy it four months ahead of time."

"When we first started making real dough we had a budget," said George.

"It was a terrible flop," supplemented Gracie. "You see, we were always looking for the budget."

"No fooling, she's right. We kept worrying whether or not we had spent the budget, whether we were ten dollars ahead or ten dollars behind. And if we knew we were ahead we immediately went out and spent more than we should and so we always ended up on the wrong side."

"We've got a double checking account," said Gracie.

"And I never ask Gugie any questions about her checks, and she never asks me. We trust each other completely," he added.

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"That's very important," declared Gracie. "We know a man who never gave his wife any cash. He just didn't trust her. He let her charge as much as she wanted, but he never let her have a nickel she could call her own. She even had to charge little things like ice cream sodas. When the banks grew wobbly, this man put all his cash in a safe deposit box. His wife wanted to put some of her jewelry in the box so he gave her the pass key. When she opened the box and saw all that money, well, I guess it was just too much for her." She ran off with the whole thing. I say it served her husband right. Most calamities of that sort come from lack of faith."

"And arguments. You've got to avoid arguments," put in George Burns.

"That's why we have 'Management Incorporated,'" said Gracie.

"What's that?" I asked her.

IT'S a kind of firm out in California. When our budget plan failed, we substituted this "Management Incorporated." It really is marvelous. They handle all our business. We send them our bills and they pay them, so Nat and I never have to annoy each other with money discussions. It makes everything so nice and peaceful.

"A woman should try to make her husband's life a peaceful one. That's why I'm so crazy about this 'Management Incorporated.' Besides attending to the money details, they attend to other things. You know how married couples often fight when a husband forgets an anniversary or a birthday. Well, I tipped off 'Management Incorporated' to notify George ahead of time about any anniversary or birthday."

"You tipped them off! Why, all this time I thought they did it of their own accord. Don't they notify you about my birthday?"

"Of course not."
"But you never forget."
"Women never do." And once more Gracie Allen winked at me.

They Laugh Last

(Continued from page 27)

Anyhow, Groucho took it well. Unlike many practical jokers, all the Marxes do that. Besides, they're always comforted by the knowledge that eventually they'll come back with a better one.

Then, for example, had been wanting to get back at Samuel Goldwyn for some of the amusement the producer had had at the comedian's expense. Chico's chance finally came when the movie magnate was staying at the Waldorf Astoria in New York for a few days. The Marx brother called the Goldwyn suite.

"Who's calling?" asked the producer's secretary.

"Income tax department," fished Chico. "Hello," greeted the film magnate, taking the phone from his secretary.

Chico assumed his Italian dialect. "Whosadee?" he demanded.

"This is Mr. Goldwyn," the movie king assured him.

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City..... State.....
Color of your hair.....

"Goldwyn? Just a minoot. I see," returned Chico. He held the wire a couple of minutes. "No," he said finally, "We no gotta Goldwyn here."

"But this is Mr. Goldwyn speaking," said the puzzled producer.

"How you spella de name?" asked Chico. "G-O-L-D-W-Y-N. Goldwyn. Get it?"

"Oooh," said Chico. "I see. Hold de line please." Again he remained silent while Mr. Goldwyn stewed. "No," resumed Chico at last, "we no gotta Goldwyn here. You gotta wrong number."

"But you called me," protested Goldwyn irritably. "Me, Samuel Goldwyn."

So it went for many minutes, until the executive, weary of trying to explain himself, finally hung up, unaware that he had been roundly ribbed by one of the Marx Brothers.

Groucho and Chico consider Harpo was at his best the time he went to a

New York five and ten cent store and bought a half dollar's worth of cheap imitation jewelry. Then he went to Tiffany's, where society spends hundreds of thousands for gems. After looking about for a while in the quiet and dignified showrooms, he left. As he crossed the threshold, he tripped himself purposely and fell flat on the sidewalk, the imitation jewelry scattering all over the sidewalk.

Instantly dozens of passersby gathered around, many dropping to their hands and knees in a mad scramble for the dime bangles. In the ten minutes it took the police to disperse the crowd, the haughty personnel of Tiffany's had been thoroughly mortified by the riot in front of its shop.

But do you think that bothered him? Not in the least. For you know, those ingenious princes of practical joking, the mad Marx Brothers, always get the last laugh.

That is their business.

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 82)

HAVE you ever wondered what the networks do with their talent between broadcasts? Well, here's one way the artists over at NBC are worked, and it may mean a new policy on the part of networks. NBC has organized a vaudeville unit headed by Graham McNamee and supported by the Pickens Sisters, Sisters of the Skillet and Don Bestor's orchestra. This troupe opened first in New York and will play theatres on the Loew's Circuit. For out-of-town dates that may conflict with broadcasts, substitutions are made in the cast. If this experiment proves successful, you may see NBC casts on your home town stages for the network will go in for this method of earning extra money in a big way.

AT last a goodly number of well-known fiction writers are going to have their work dramatized for the microphone. CBS has signed for the radio rights to the creations of Ben Ames Williams, Michael Arlen, Leonard Merrick, F. Scott Fitzgerald and the late Mary Wilkins Freeman. They'll be adapted for the air soon.

HAVE you heard CBS's new find, Evelyn McGregor? And leave you heard how she was discovered? For two years she was a member of a CBS chorus. Then Andre Kostelanetz gave her a small solo part in one of the chorus numbers. She did it so well that she was given more solos. And now CBS is giving her a spot on the air which she can call her very own.

WHEN Lillian Lauferty became Beatrice Fairfax, she caused Arthur Brisbane to lose one of his jobs. Brisbane, the famed columnist who has appeared at intervals before the mike, sent Lillian, then a reporter, out to get a story on a drowning. Lillian found the victim was a snubbe, wanted to protect his stricken mother, and so came back to the office to tell Brisbane, "There isn't a story." But later she confessed she was hiding the facts and right then Brisbane said, in effect: "You be

Beatrice Fairfax and spend your time trying to stop tragedies instead of reporting them." And so Brisbane, who had been writing under the name of Fairfax, turned over his pen to Lillian who, from there on, was known as Beatrice Fairfax and who is now an NBC feature.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM use a round robin system in turning out their daily stint. Though all three participate every day in writing their script they rotate the scene of activities about their various homes—one day writing at Isabel Caruthers' home, the next at Louise Starkey's and the third at Helen Jones. Thus they don't get tired of the wall paper. "The Girls" maintain no office and no one advises, "sit in" or participates in any way on the writing of their sketeli. There is no ghosting and their sponsor allows them a free hand in their work. In this respect they are like Amos 'n' Andy who work together every day and brook no interference from outsiders.

ODDITIES of radio: A wolf is after a fox. Nat Wolff, production man, and Helen Fox, CBS studio hostess, are said to be engaged.

ARTHUR TRACY, "The Street Singer," is still having wife trouble. It's the same old trouble however, being charged with beating her; it's merely that courts have a habit of drawing such things out over such a long time.

IT was a thrill for Donald Novis to get back on the air—particularly as the head guy on the new House Party series. But it wasn't Don's biggest thrill. Passing through Chicago recently he admitted no experience had ever excited him so much as the winning of the Atwater Kent National audition in 1928. Don was attending class at Whittier College in California when he received word of the award of \$5,000 and a musical scholarship. He couldn't eat or sleep for forty-eight hours. Incidentally he saved the \$5,000.

The Band-Box

(Continued from page 88)

- Wayne King narrowly escaped injury when hoodlums tried to hold him up recently in his new Lincoln car. King was driving home late at night from work to his home in Winnetka when bandits sought to stop him by firing several shots into his car. King outdistanced them in no time.
- Paul Ash, the bandmaster for whom Paul Whiteman used to huddle, has set up a Paul Ash School of Stage, Screen and Radio in Chicago's loop. It was Paul who gave Ruth Etting her biggest boost toward stardom when he picked her for appearances with his McVickers orchestra.

They Win!

(Continued from page 42)

The division to pick the most popular orchestra on the air was the one that was as close as a second have. Guy Lombardo won, Wayne King ran second, Rudy Vallee third, and Fred Waring fourth.

James Wallington walked off with announcer honors. Second, David Ross then John Young and Milton J. Cross.

"Do you wanna buy a duck?" Well, it seems a lot of people do, for Joe Peimer is carrying the flag for the omelians. He left Eddie Cantor in second place, Jack Benny in third, and Ed Wynn in fourth.

June Meredith is the choice of the voters for most popular actress. Elsie Hitz followed her in second place. Myrtle Vail (Myrt) came third and Diana Damerel (Marge), the daughter of Myrt, came fourth.

That young Romeo of Chicago, Don Ameche, walked away with the most popular actor division. In second place is Nick Dawson with Spencer Dean coming third. And, believe it or not, the voters decided that Eddie Cantor, besides being a comedian, deserved fourth place among actors.

That, ladies and gent, is the result of your voting. These air kings and queens are of your own choosing.

Congratulations, winners!

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 96)

HATS off to Nick Lucas. He's the only man in history who, knowing darn well he's a crooner, is willing to wear the label. In 1923, when his recording of "My Best Girl" shot him to fame, he was tagged "The Crooning Troubadour." That tag still sticks.

IT'S a studio tradition at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station, that if anything breaks down Hal O'Halloran, the pilot of

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! BIG MONEY!

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Name _____ Title _____ Print or Write Name plainly
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City _____ State _____

Andre Kostelanetz, once Russian Court Musician, reveals harrowing experiences of the Reds' invasion of the Czar's Palace. Coming soon.

WAIT MEN

for TEA and COFFEE ROUTES

PERMANENT ROUTES PAY UP TO \$42.50 WEEK

PROVEN PROFITS

This is a public announcement of a daring, no-risk offer I am now making to ambitious men and women who are in urgent need of money. No experience or training is required to qualify for one of these amazingly profitable routes. If you are weary of "penny pinching" and are looking for an opportunity to start your full time or spare time into cash, then I am now ready to start you in a big-paying business of your own choice. I manufacture nearly 300 quality products and need more men and women to take care of my business. There is no investment in business. You don't have the extensive risk of the average storekeeper. You can start your own route today for as little as \$5.00 a day. Rush me your name today—get all of the starting details and proven facts free of cost and without obligation.

PROVEN PROFITS

ROUTES BEING RAPIDLY FILLED

This announcement will bring a lot of replies from people like yourself who need extra cash for paying bills—food—clothing—etc. other necessities. Here are success reports from some who wrote me earlier:

Hertzo, Va. made \$25.00 in a week (Issid R. Mangan, \$70.00 in a week.)
Stimwell, Calif. made \$75.00 in six days. (New York, N.Y. made over \$40.00 a week, working only three to four days.)
These exceptional earnings show the wonderful possibilities of my plan. Better send me your name today.

These Tea and Coffee Routes are low because you supply people with the things they need daily to live—essential necessities. All you need do is take care of these customers in your locality. You handle all the money, make deliveries, keep a big share of the cash for yourself. I supply all plans and simple instructions and take all the risk. I even give new 3-cent postage stamps to purchasers. Not a cent of my regular profit. Everything is explained fully. No experience or previous training necessary. You start making money immediately.

ROUTE COUPON

DON'T SEND MONEY JUST YOUR NAME

I don't want your money—I need your help. Send me your name so I can lay all the facts before you, then you can decide if you like the work. If you want a chance to make up to \$42.50 a week for looking after one of these routes, you will reply promptly. There is no obligation. Send name for free facts today.

ALBERT MILLS, President
5052 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Rush me free facts on Tea and Coffee Route plan and how I can start earning up to \$42.50 a week at once.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Please Print or Write Plainly)



Read **RIPTIDE**
for the answer

Married to a hard-working but neglectful husband, Mary found the attentions of young Tommy Trent more than acceptable. . . . Starved for love she tried to remain faithful and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of Tommy's advances.

The inevitable scandal which follows . . . the misunderstandings and heartaches will quicken your pulse. This drama, which is Norma Shearer's first picture in many months, will be hailed as the greatest romance of her career. The complete story, profusely illustrated with stills from the picture, appears in the June issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

You can also enjoy in the same issue complete novelizations of eleven other splendid new Hollywood productions—all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual cinemas:

- AS THE EARTH TURNS, with an all-star cast;
- GOOD DAME, starring Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March;
- MELODY IN SPRING, starring Lanny Ross;
- THE SHOW-OFF, Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans;
- REGISTERED NURSE, Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot;
- DOVER ROAD, Diane Wynyard and Clive Brook;
- WHIRLPOOL, Jack Holt and Lila Lee;
- BOTTOMS UP, John Boles and Pat Paterson;
- WHARF ANGEL, with Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell;
- TAKE THE STAND, with Jack LaRue and Thelma Todd, and
- GLAMOUR, Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings.

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WRINGER?



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And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



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...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

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